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SIXPENCE.  
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MISS DELLA FOX.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, NEW YORK.



## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

My withers are horribly wrung by Mr. Morley Roberts. He writes contumeliously in the *Humanitarian* of "creatures of the pen," as distinguished from the "average man" who will gird his thighs and sinews for the defence of the country when Armageddon comes upon us. Mr. Morley Roberts is filled with picturesque disgust by the practitioners of "art." "They wander in back-streets, seclude themselves in bar-rooms, exhibit long hair in odorous boudoirs, mouth anæmic verse in soft arm-chairs, and have few physical attributes of the man of the open air." It is no use reminding the satirist that they have the attributes of the cyclist, for what is the bicycle to the man who has wielded a pickaxe in the Rockies? Mr. Morley Roberts is a prophet of the "open air," and how he contrives to breathe in London is a mystery. He has been accustomed to carry his life in his hand, and when I see him in the Strand, where men's lives are not portable, like brown-paper parcels, I wonder how he can tolerate the artifices which we call civilisation. His stories are mostly about fearsome tragedies and hairbreadth escapes, which I dare say he has enacted himself; and it is no wonder that he breaks into grim raillery of the artists who pass their time between boudoirs and back-streets. "Imagine a regiment of our poets opposed to the most wretched company of the loud-mouthed Greeks; conceive a brigade of actors, recruited from the stages of the Strand, in real combat with the Boers!"

Why not go further, and imagine the literary critics who cut up books, the journalists who write fluently about military courage, confronted by a battalion of Turks? The awful hypothesis makes me review hurriedly my own qualifications for sudden death. *Item*, I have been run over. It was a four-wheeled cab, I remember, with four stout ladies inside, and all this weight of metal fell on one of my legs without breaking it. Surely there was some warrior stuff in that limb; but I speak of years ago, before I became "a creature of the pen." *Item*, I have been nearly drowned; but I cannot recall any special heroism in that adventure. When the Turk comes on, shouting "Allah," a word which has a quite incomprehensible stimulus to his barbaric mettle, how can I steel my nerves by recalling that morning of youth when I imbibed a quart or so of sea-water? *Item*, I have sailed the stormy main, and seen the Atlantic in its most tempestuous moods. I have swallowed the yarns of the larboard watch, as became a sailor's child, and I used to have a bobbing acquaintance with every billow 'twixt Queenstown and Sandy Hook. But how would this education help me to withstand the onset of Abdul's men of war? I am ominously reminded of the exploit of Meagher of the Sword at the battle of Limerick—

But the best use Tommy made  
Of his famous battle blade  
Was to cut his own stick from Shannon shore.

Still, I do not understand why the prowess of the "average man" should be regarded as the bulwark of our liberties merely because he does not make his living by the pen. Lucien de Rubempré had a feminine contour of the hips, and this was noted by Balzac as an index of resolution and astuteness. I study the "average man" on the top of an omnibus (where he deftly contrives to scatter his pipe-ash in my eyes) without perceiving the genius of war in his hips or any part of him. He is not even a Volunteer hardened to danger by the fierce bull's-eye at Bisley. Why is he qualified to throttle invaders because he cannot turn a sonnet nor declaim Shakspeare? Mr. Morley Roberts instances the draper, the apothecary, and the bricklayer as men who will rise to national emergencies. Does the habit of selling blue pills give one a zest for gunpowder? When the apothecary sees his magnesia foaming in the glass, does he yearn for the imminent deadly breach? Perhaps the bricklayer's fancy turns half a brick into a battery of artillery, and the draper, handling his yard-measure, feels that it is a marshal's baton; but I cannot see these warriors with the prophetic eye of Mr. Morley Roberts. He is sure that a great national ordeal would banish the "toy poets" to the cupboard; but I am not convinced that my neighbour, the druggist, would heroically pound the enemy with a pestle and mortar. Anyway, I dislike this bloodthirsty yearning for a war which is to fill the back-streets with frightened actors, and drive into the cellars the "skulkers who jest to tired Demos." No doubt, in the heat of conflict, when the apothecary, having exploded a mine of seidlitz-powders, finds that he has blown a cellar-full of "skulkers" to the limbo of dead badinage, Demos will applaud the deed; but I decline to join in Mr. Morley Roberts's gleeful anticipation of this glorious page of our military annals.

Instead of passing laws to make our long-haired penmen virile, and drive them from boudoirs to barracks, the Legislature is tinkering with copyright. A Select Committee of the House of Lords is to sit on a Bill which is designed to protect novelists from unlicensed adapters seeking parts for the back-street actors. The plot of a novel and its dialogue are to be hedged against trespassers. It has not occurred to the framers of the Bill that the plots of many novels resemble one another like blackberries. Lord Herschell wanted to know whether in a case of this multifarious identity every novelist affected would be entitled to claim damages from the dramatic adapter. Here's a pretty inquiry for a Select Committee! Every novelist of distinction is freely imitated by an entire school, which borrows his or her observation, characters, philosophy, atmosphere, with trivial variations. It would be easy to show that a play founded on a particular novel has much in common with a whole library of fiction by various popular authors. Are they all to be recompensed at the cost of the poacher? If copyright is to shield them against the stage, why should it not protect the original founder of the school from the self-appointed pupils who compete with him in the market? When so many sportsmen are engaged in preserving their neighbours' game, and calling it their own, who is to interpret and administer the game laws?

Mr. Traill pays a handsome tribute to the spread of literary talent in the latter years of the Victorian era. "It used to be a common reproach of average English novelists—especially of the lady novelist—that their style bewrayed them." To-day that is no longer the case. "Dozens and scores of novels issue every year from the press, many of them by quite unknown, some by absolutely new writers, the workmanship of which is so competent, and, indeed, in many instances, so excellent, that it needs a careful examination to discover the delimiting line between the merits of their form and the merits, or demerits, of their matter." I should say that from the great bulk of our contemporary fiction the quality of form is still conspicuously absent. The writers who have any distinction of style may surely be counted on the fingers of one hand. The prose of the lady novelist seems to me as glib and inaccurate as ever. That a mob of gentlewomen write with ease scarcely proves "the diffusion of the literary faculty." One lady, whose early books were a fund of entertainment, has lately published a story which, in slovenliness of execution, it would be hard to match even among the novices. This is not surprising when "the drum-beating showman of the Press," as Mr. Traill calls him, is ready to extol any rubbish with a popular name tacked to it, and when the multitude of readers are incapable of distinguishing good writing from bad. How many of our literary ladies, whose style no longer bewrays them, can write such English as Charlotte Brontë's? A great French writer laid down the simple axiom that an idea has only one possible set of words for the artist, who, if he does not seize it at once, must seek it patiently. When Charlotte Brontë could not think of the phrase, she waited till it came. A desperately old-fashioned method this must seem to the prolific scribblers whose diction is a spontaneous trickle!

It is a grievous thing that we should interest ourselves in these trifles instead of learning the spirit of patriotism from Mr. Morley Roberts's draper. What would the bricklayer, nursing his muscles for the inevitable *mêlée*, say to Mr. William Archer's "intellectual hostelry"? This is the endowed theatre of the future, where a public, cultivated above the average theatrical entertainment, will sit in cosy seats, with ample room for stretch of leg, and will assemble in the *foyer* between the acts for enlightened conversation. Mr. Archer is rightly discontented with a social usage which permits men to saunter to the drinking-bar, while it keeps women glued in their stalls, staring at vacancy, which is seldom enlivened by the orchestra. All this will be changed in the "hostelry." The ladies will turn the *foyer* into a *salon*; intellect, instead of whisky-and-soda, will stimulate the company; and when the act-drop rises again, they will be back in their seats, effervescing with ideas. Such a system would put dramatists and actors on their mettle, the actors especially, for, emancipated from the shame of back-streets and the indolence of boudoirs, they would rise even above the level of the average man.

What a chance for the pictorial artist! Mr. Dana Gibson will no longer draw those marble shoulders, those sculptured visages without a gleam of expression, which he sees now in the stalls of the London playhouses. His pencil will be busy in the *salon* of the endowed theatre, sketching the Madame Récamiers who, I hope, will recline on divans in becoming costumes, surrounded by wits and philosophers. The *entr'actes* will be lengthened for this performance, and so stage and *foyer* will stimulate each other. Pray accept this embellishment of your Utopia, my dear "W. A.," with every assurance of my admiration and esteem.



## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

## LXIX.—THE "PEOPLE" AND MR. W. T. MADGE.

A little while ago, when at that charming seaside haunt, St. Margaret's Bay, I discovered that the only Sunday paper I could obtain was the *People*. I began to think over the enterprise of those who supplied even such an out-of-the-way paradise with a paper for the "Sawbath," and the end of it was a deep feeling of curiosity concerning the paper and its directors. As upshot, I paid a visit to the offices of the *People*, and was shown into a room on an upper floor, where I found Mr. William Thomas Madge. He was looking ruefully at an immense pile of little metal lifeboats and life-belts.

"What's the matter?"

"I'm waiting for the committee to come and help me to count the contributions to the National Lifeboat Fund."

"I should have thought you were too busy to touch such a matter?"

"Too busy! The busier a man the more leisure for other work."

"But you can't put more than twenty-four hours into the day?"

"Days are elastic; moreover, you can always borrow a bit from the morrow. You want to hear about the *People*? Well, for quite a long time before October 1881, when it was actually born, I felt that it was of immense importance to the Party to have a 'counterblast' to *Lloyd's* and *Reynolds's*. It seemed ridiculous that the Liberals should have such Party weapons and we none to oppose them with. In the end the idea caught on, a limited company was formed, of which Sir George Armstrong—then Captain Armstrong—and myself were managing directors; but—but some of the people objected to the idea of a Sunday paper, and others believed in an almost purely political and 'high-toned' affair. Now, I knew that that wouldn't do at all. It is no use fighting an enemy better armed than yourself, and I determined that, in a matter which I regarded of greatest importance to Conservatism, we should work under the most favourable conditions possible. Sunday circulation, and appeal to the public by news and bright interesting features, were necessary to give us the position in which we could be useful to the Party, and I refused to work save under such conditions. Of course, there was friction, and there were divided counsels and occasional threats of resignation on my part, and the end was what should have been the beginning. Sir George Armstrong and I bought up all rights in the paper and became solely responsible. Of course, it was a tough affair, and for years we lost money. Why, even in 1884 the money taken over the counter on a Sunday morning, which is some test of the position of a Sunday paper, had reached only a hundred pounds. But we had faith—and needed it. We started with

two machines, but now have twelve turning out from 120,000 to 130,000 an hour. The circulation went up steadily, but the paper did not 'boom' till 1888. One Sunday morning in September came the news of two of the famous Whitechapel murders to the office, when I was in charge. Of course, I rushed off to the spot—anybody would have done that—but I hit upon the idea that both had been done by the same hand, and no one had hit upon that. Back I went to the office in a cab, regardless of the views of the police about furious driving, stopped the machines, wrote out my theory, had new plates cast, started the machines again, and flooded London with copies of the paper, eagerly bought, which gave a true idea of the cause of the fearful crimes. We did nearly half-a-million that day. It was a big lift-up, and we never fell back."

"After all," said I, musing, "half-a-million copies of a Sunday paper must have an immense weight in the Conservative cause?"

"Half-a-million!" he interrupted. "You don't suppose we stopped at that. Why, nowadays, we look back upon it with contempt, and yet, like the much-advertised giantess, 'are still growing.'"

"Then," said I, "you have reached the biggest circulation?"

"No, I don't say that, for, to be candid, I do not know. *Lloyd's*, our great rival, has had the advantage of fifty years' start of us, is stronger in the North than we, whilst the *People* holds the South and West. London, we divide, and it is impossible to say whether a greater number of the one or the other reaches the hands of buyers. To give you some idea of circulation, I may inform you that Bristol alone takes over 10,000 copies, and Plymouth and district 13,000 copies. If you have any idea what such a circulation in London of a London paper represents, I

think it will surprise you. I suppose I may say that we and *Lloyd's* share the field, they for the Radicals, we for the Unionists, since the other Sunday papers, putting aside those devoted to sport, amount to very little compared with either of us."

"It is a prodigious service to have rendered to your Party."

"Oh, it's nothing," he replied; "politics have always been my passion."

As something between a "Mugwump" and a Gallio, I listened in awe and curiosity whilst he told me of his heavy work in the interest of his passion. When I saw his wonderful register of electioneering facts, and tested his prodigious memory, I was amazed at the method in what seemed his mania, and energy in its employment; and I laughed at his story of his 1868 voting, when, anxious for a record, he reached the poll at Covent Garden at a graceless hour in the morning to vote for the late Mr. W. H. Smith for Westminster in the days of open voting.

"There was another fellow there before me, anxious to vote first, and we nearly had a free fight. However, we resolved to settle it amicably; we tossed up, and I won and recorded the first vote. I am a bit of a pluralist, too," he said, with a smile, "and not only vote in London, but go down to Plymouth to do my duties as a citizen. Nor do I ever throw away a vote."

"But why not stand yourself?"

"Oh," he answered, with a smile, "it's so easy to get men for the showy part of the business. The real enthusiast is content to do the

quiet drudgery, and the secret knowledge that his labours really bear the fruit of which some of your M.P.'s are the mere flowers is quite enough for him. My canvassing for thirty years of the Strand, my work on the committee of the United Club and on the political committee of the Constitutional, satisfy me; and I took the keenest interest in the first Working Men's Conservative Association in London, for I helped to start it. Our first meeting was held in a small room in Holborn, and all told we numbered six! Why, my carriages go round for the good work to every election within twenty-five miles of London."

"It is not art for art's sake, but politics for politics' sake?"

"No," he interrupted. "Call it politics for principle's sake."

"But you didn't start in life as founder of a paper?"

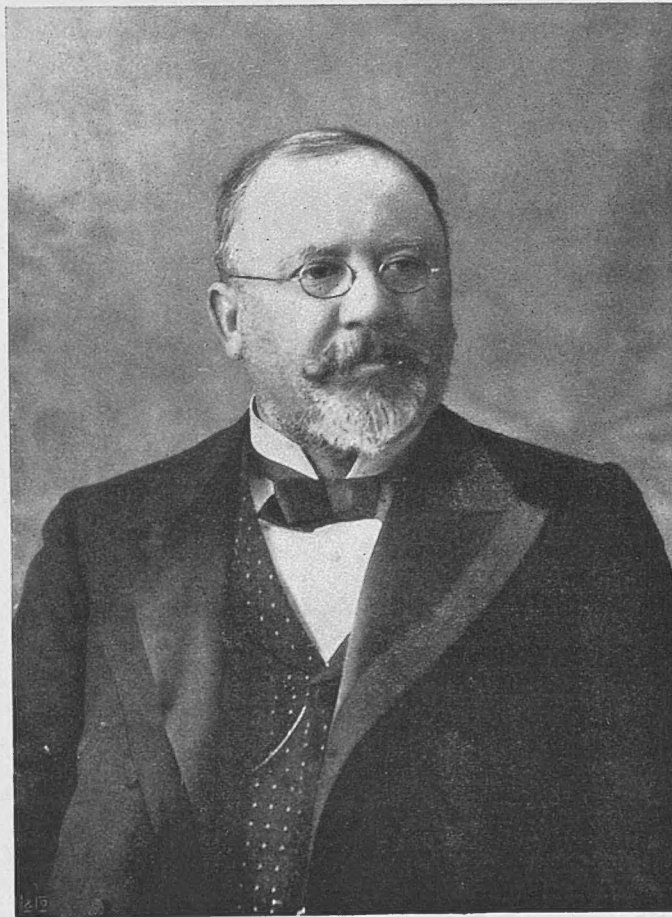
"I began low down on the ladder," he said. "That's the best way to make great progress. From the *Western Morning News* I came to London in 1866, and soon after became publisher, then manager, of the *Globe*, and this is my thirtieth year of management. You see, I came young to an old paper, and, getting some power very quickly, 'made it hum,' and, luckily for me, I was well backed up. So we were the first to have 'contents-bills' and 'the tape,' and, indeed, to introduce many modern contrivances now deemed essential; and, since the *Globe* is vitally a political paper, my keen study of electioneering facts

has been of some value. Anyhow, here we are, the *Globe* and I, after thirty-one years, flourishing; while the *People*—I think I may call it our offspring—enjoys immense success."

"How do you account for the success of the *People*?" I asked, though I guessed that the real cause was having as managing owner one of the ablest, shrewdest, most energetic men I have met.

"One thing," he replied, "no doubt, was that we were the first to go in for a serial story, and 'I Say No,' by Wilkie Collins, helped us greatly. The second was, we took up the idea of the people's sports, and went in largely for an account of every branch of sport, fashionable or unfashionable. Another, I think, was that we started the idea of working up-country circulation, and making the Sunday paper an institution in country towns. How we did work, with agents and travellers, to build up a circulation! Of course, I don't complain, seeing the result; after all, explanations amount to very little, since the fact remains that we are going ahead rapidly and every week gain a large number of people into whose minds we instil quietly valuable political ideas."

Sometimes one takes a wrong view of matters, I think. I looked upon my victim merely as a newspaper proprietor and manager, and found to my surprise that the guiding motive of his conduct must be called politics. Perhaps "politics" is not fair, since it is a somewhat scornful phrase for patriotism. Looking at the matter as the "Mugwump" and the Gallio, I wonder whether the Conservative Party truly appreciate the value of the modestly hidden political labours of this man, who, fortunately for the Party, has the passion for politics and the ability to be brilliantly successful in the game.



MR. W. T. MADGE.

Photo by Ball, Regent Street, S.W.



## THE OPERA.

There has been little enough of interest doing during recent days at the Opera. On May 29 the first performance this season of "L'Attaque du Moulin" was given, and, with certain drawbacks, was a very good performance. M. Noté took the part of the Miller, and sang with great distinction. He has an amazingly fine voice, which easily fills even this large theatre, and, so far as his acting went, the character fitted him more



SIGNOR CEPPI.

Photo by Dupont, New York.

or less easily. Miss Marie Brema's Marcelline could not well have been surpassed. It was throughout a thoughtfully conceived yet an excitingly intelligent interpretation. Her singing, if an occasional excess of vocal strain may be generally excepted, was exceedingly good. Miss Esther Palliser's Françoise—a really difficult and not altogether consistent part—had moments of great beauty and moments of some feebleness, and M. Bonnard's Sentinel was really quite excellent. M. Flon conducted with much care and deliberation, and the chorus, despite one or two obvious stupidities, acted better than they have done before on any occasion this year.

A great announcement had been made for the early hour of half-past seven of the evening of Monday week. "Die Meistersinger" was to be given with a very splendid cast, Jean de Reszke as Walther, Edouard de Reszke as Hans Sachs, Madame Eames as Eva, and Bispham as Beckmesser. Punctually at half-past seven carriages began to stream along to the entrance at Covent Garden; but, alas! the doors were closed, and a crowd of brilliantly attired ladies had perforce to wait until it pleased the management to let them in; for, at the last moment, Jean de Reszke, owing to a desperately sudden cold, had found himself unable to sing, and a hastily arranged performance of "Tannhäuser," with Van Dyck, Madame Eames, and M. Noté in the cast, was fixed up to begin at the customary hour. The sensation of the evening—if so mild an experience can be described as a sensation—was the choice of M. Noté for that exquisite character, Wolfram von Eschenbach. M. Noté sang well enough, but he had not even an elementary idea as to the playing of the part. Between song and song he took absolutely no pains to sustain even a remote illusion; and, for example, during Tannhäuser's fiery appeal to Wolfram in the second act he did but stare at Van Dyck, without the smallest interest in the matter, and at the end nonchalantly cleared his throat as he prepared himself for another song. I do not think that I want to see M. Noté's Wolfram again. Van Dyck was a splendid Tannhäuser, and Madame Eames was completely charming as Elisabeth; Mançon was a very fine King, and the chorus and orchestra, though a little careless at times, were decently satisfactory under Mancinelli. It should be added that Madame Pacary was more than a passable Venus, a thing to be thankful for at Covent Garden, where there seems to be the greatest difficulty in finding suitable exponents of the part.

Signor Antonio Ceppi, who made a great success as Radamès in "Aïda" on Tuesday week, was born and educated in Como, and though he has not yet passed his thirtieth birthday, he was for some time in business with his father, a merchant in that town. However, on the death of his parents in 1890, he went at once to Milan to study singing, which had

always been his greatest pleasure, under Professor Leonida Boschini. His début was made in Bozzolo in September, 1893, in "Il Trovatore," and since then he has sung all over Italy, though he left his native land for the first time for his recent season in the United States under Messrs. Abbey and Grau, where he sang in "Les Huguenots," "Aïda," "Il Trovatore," "Lucia di Lammermoor," and "Cavalleria Rusticana," but his répertoire also includes "I Pagliacci," "Ernani," "Ballo in Maschera," "Foscari," "Forza del Destino," "Norma," "Poluito," "Padron Maurizio," and "Collani di Pasqua."

Madame Frances Saville, who visits us for the first time as a prima-donna at Covent Garden, is already well known in the musical world here, for she sang in many concerts during her stay in 1893, and was also a favourite at "At Homes," work of which she is especially fond, for she delights in singing *romanza* and ballads. To be quite correct, it seems Madame Saville should be writ a cosmopolitan, for, though she was born in San Francisco, she left the Land of the Free when only a baby, and spent the first ten years of her life in Australia. Then she came West, to go to school in Germany, and there remained for four years before returning to Melbourne. Her father was of Italian and Danish extraction, and her mother French, and both were musical, for the former was no other than the well-known violinist, M. Simonsen, and it was her mother who gave her all her early training in music and singing. After her return to the colonies, she studied both singing and painting, but it was to the last-named art that she then intended to devote herself—indeed, she had successfully exhibited and sold several pictures before she could be persuaded to lay aside her brush, for she drifted into the professional musical world gradually, and almost accidentally, being at last induced to take up singing by Mr. Santley and Lady Hallé, with whom she toured for some time. In 1890 Madame Saville again came West, and, going to Paris the following year, became a pupil of Madame Marchesi, and in September 1892 made her début at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels. Since then she has sung in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Paris, Berlin, Monte Carlo, Nice, Warsaw, and other Continental cities, immense success attending her everywhere, and she was also one of the leading attractions during the last American season. She sings almost every known operatic rôle, but she says the one she is singing is always her favourite; still, she confesses to a penchant for La Traviata, Manon, and Juliette; and she is



MADAME SAVILLE AS JULIETTE.

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

also fond of German opera, and is delightful as either Elsa, Eva, or Elisabeth. Madame Saville is also well versed in oratorio, having sung all the leading works in Australia before she took up opera, and, though she loves acting as much if not more than singing, she is very fond of this class of work, and, as soon as her engagements give her a little time, she intends to resume it. There is nothing of the typical prima-donna about this dainty little Westerner, for she is girlishly slight in build and has deep-blue eyes and wavy brown hair.



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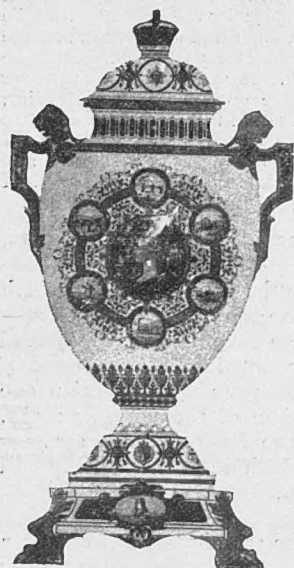
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## SMALL TALK.

A Jubilee vase of Coalport china has been produced by Messrs. Osler and Co., of Oxford Street. On one side is a beautifully painted medallion portrait of the Queen at her accession, and on the other a corresponding one of her Majesty at the present day. The former is surrounded by



A JUBILEE VASE.

a set of six smaller medallions, illustrative of the features of the time, such as George Stephenson's locomotive, reapers, a wind-mill, stage-coach, waggon, and bridge. Around the 1897 portrait are represented the modern developments of the reaping-machine, bicycle and telegraph, lighthouse and lifeboat, and the Forth Bridge. The medallions are set in a rich design of oak-leaves wrought in gold. At the foot is, on one side, a painting of an early century man-of-war, on the other a wooden battleship, the Arms of Great Britain before and after the addition of those of the Indian Empire, and the Arms of the various colonies. The lid is painted with facsimiles of the insignia of the great orders of knighthood, and is surmounted with an imperial crown. Each section of the vase is signed and numbered, and only fifty are to be made, the vases being brought out by subscription, after the principle of an "édition de luxe" of a book. After the Jubilee the mould is to be broken. Such a unique production is certainly one to be acquired by those who can afford to

do so, while the vase itself will be esteemed by china collectors a specimen of rare beauty.

A Jubilee tumbler and a mug have been made by Messrs. William Robinson and Co., of Wolverhampton. These are manufactured out of one piece of solid sheet-steel, wrought and rolled with such toughness of body and such fineness of surface that they will be of almost everlasting wear. Both the tumbler and the mug are beautifully decorated in porcelain enamel colours, which are burnt upon the steel surface by a patent process that renders them practically indestructible. The porcelain design is artistically worked out in five distinct colours, each one commemorating a unique event in English history. Messrs. Robinson and Co. are to be congratulated both upon the unique method of the manufacture and decoration of these two souvenirs.

Dean Farrar has broken out with a little book on "Progress in the Reign of Victoria" (Bliss, Sands, and Co.), which is illustrated by three uncommon photographs of the Queen, and is written in an interesting way. Mr. Frederick Ryland has compiled for Mr. George Allen "Events of the Reign." Each year is represented by two pages facing each other, divided into six columns, dealing respectively with home politics, foreign and colonial politics, literature, the arts and sport, inventions and discoveries, and "miscellaneous." The book is equipped with a magnificent index, containing some five thousand references. In "Sixty Years of the Queen's Reign" (Routledge) Sir Richard Temple deals with the Empire, and on India nobody is better qualified to speak. The first volume of "The Story of the Empire Series" (Marshall) has just appeared, Sir Walter Besant describing "The Rise of the Empire." Mr. P. Anderson Graham has written for the Longmans a capitally illustrated little book called "The Victorian Era," suitable for young people. It has a very gorgeous cover. A calendar has been published by Messrs. Scrubb, of 32, Southwark Street, which shows clearly what a surprising number of important events have taken place during the reign.

A newspaper has actually been started on the top of the great event. This is the *Jubilee Advertiser*, an eight-page penny quarto.

Even the *Practitioner*, which Mr. Malcolm Morris edits, has a Jubilee Number, for "the profession has been loyal to her, and she, on her side, has been loyal to it." There are portraits and biographical sketches of Sir James Clark, her Majesty's first physician—whose son is a leading landed proprietor in Aberdeenshire—of Sir Charles Locock, Sir William Jenner, and of Sir James Reid, an Aberdonian who is the first and only one of her Majesty's physicians-in-ordinary who has resided constantly at Court and been employed exclusively in the duties of that office. Sir Dyce Duckworth discusses the advance of the practice of medicine during the reign, Sir William Broadbent deals with nervous diseases, Dr. Treves tells the wonderful story of surgery, Dr. Watson Cheyne writes of wound treatment, and Professor Hamilton takes pathology—altogether, a capital number. The *Musical Times* has an article on the Queen as a musician, reprinting the programme of a concert at Buckingham Palace on June 12, 1840, at which the Queen sang no less than five times. She and Prince Albert sang Ricci's duet, "Non funestar crudeli," from "Il Disertore." She also sang in a trio with Signor Lablache (her singing-master), and in three choruses by Costa, Haydn, and Mendelssohn respectively. The *Railway News* for May 29 deals with the progress of the iron horse in a capital illustrated supplement. The proprietors of the *Observer* have reprinted a copy of their Coronation Number of July 1, 1838. It is a curiously interesting memento of London sixty years ago. The June number of

the *Musical Times* treats of Victorian opera and of music at the Coronation and her Majesty's marriage. *Modern Astrology*, a magazine to which I have already referred, declares that—

There are many peculiarities about the Queen's horoscope. The Sun and Moon are both close to the Ascendant, and have very few aspects, and the Moon is within two degrees of the Sun. . . . Is the Queen a *Baby Ego*? . . . Both the Sun and the Moon are the first to set out from the Ascendant, and Venus and Mercury are both behind the luminaries. Saturn is very weak, and Mars is strong, while the benefic Jupiter is the most exalted in the house of honour, the tenth. . . . In November of the present year Saturn is in opposition to the Ascendant, Sun and Moon. This will place her life in jeopardy, and cause grave concern to us all. The 24th of November looks as if it were a very critical date. All November and December point to a crisis. The Sun in opposition to the Queen's radical Jupiter, and in separation from the sesquiquadrate aspect to Saturn, is sufficient to cause alarm, but when to this is added the Moon's affliction also, we feel anxious as to the result. Whatever happens to the Queen under these afflictions during her seventy-eighth year of life, it will be of such importance as to seriously affect us as a nation.

I have been invited to Bridgnorth to see the Jubilee carpet which will be used on State occasions on the Throne Dais, and is given by women of England in response to an appeal from the Duchess of Teck.

When was Victoria as a Christian name first used? The point is briefly suggested in the June number of the *Genealogist*, which, by the way, also deals elaborately with the Monteith peerage and the maternal pedigree of Shakspeare. There was a Victoria Salusbury of Leadbrook, near Flint, in 1643. The common idea is that the name was unknown in this country before the beginning of this century.

The Fifeshire village of Pitlessie means to celebrate the Jubilee by erecting a tablet or monument to Sir David Wilkie, who was born at the neighbouring Cults and who immortalised the Queen's first Council at Kensington Palace by a famous picture. Sir David must be regarded as the first Kailyarder on canvas, for he pictured the life on his native heath by his "Pitlessie Fair," his "Village Politicians," his "Rent Day," and "The Blind Fiddler." Mr. William Thomson, Royal Park, Cupar, is treasurer of the fund, which all loyal subjects of the Kingdom of Fife, the world over, will speedily haste to increase.

The Irish Literary Society are to have a great night to-morrow, when Mr. Richard Ashe King, than whom few men are more learned in eighteenth century literature, and none more enthusiastic, will deliver a lecture on Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The occasion will be all the



MR. S. B. SHERIDAN.

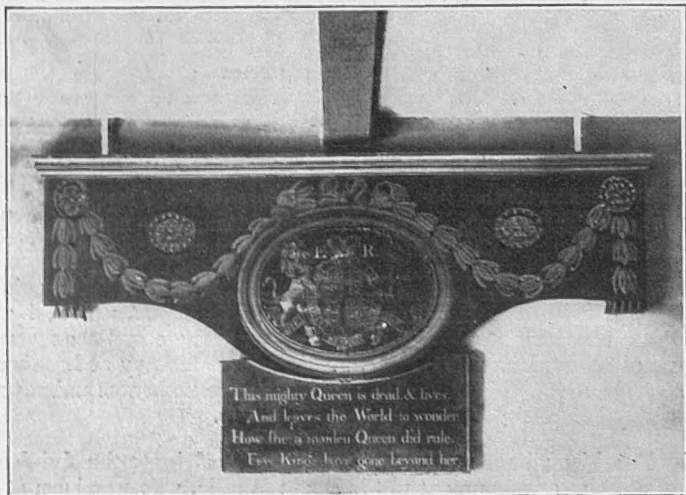
Photo by Naegelt, New York.

more important because Sheridan's great-grandson, the Marquis of Dufferin, is to preside. By the way, I may note that the wife of another great-grandson, Mr. S. B. Sheridan, who conducts the *Financial Post*, was presented at the last Drawing-Room by the Countess of Mexborough. Mrs. Sheridan, *née* Helen-Hodnett, belongs to a very old Irish family. She is distantly related to the Herveys, the Bristol family.



The suggestion made by a lady reader of *The Sketch* that her sex should wear a rose on Jubilee Day is warmly taken up by the *Journal of Greengrocery*, which appears to have also struck on the idea. It continues—

Unfortunately, though we may be among the exceptions, the roses are a little backward this year, and are only just coming, in some of the colder borders, into bloom. That is due to the long spell of easterly and north-easterly winds, but



MEMORIAL TO QUEEN ELIZABETH IN THE NAVE OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, GREAT BERKHAMSTEAD.

Photo by J. T. Newman, Great Berkhamstead.

with a few days, or rather, with a few warm nights, blooms will be plentiful; and they must be plentiful to be cheap, and must be cheap to be universal, and must be universal to savour of the Diamond Jubilee Commemoration. White or red, it matters not, for long since has all rivalry of opposing houses ended; and separate or both cominglings will show Englishmen appreciate their national flower.

Decimus Burton's Arch on Constitution Hill (says a correspondent) is at the present time most undoubtedly, in every particular, as he designed and constructed it and handed it over in 1828. Ten or twelve years after the event a committee was formed, with the then (fifth) Duke of Rutland at its head, for the purpose of raising subscriptions towards erecting a colossal equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. Matthew Cotes Wyatt, the most eminent sculptor of the day, was selected to carry out the design selected by the committee. The work was finished in 1846, and the committee were made aware of the fact. It had already been decided, and with the acquiescence of the Duke himself, that the statue should, if possible, be placed within purview of Apsley House. Burton's Arch was just the place for it, and, in spite of the protestations of the sculptor as to its unsuitableness owing to the colossal character of the statue, to the top of the Arch it must go. The only question was as to the strength of the Arch, and this was decided by Burton as the committee wished it should be. The only addition needed was a slab of stone on the top, to form a base, or platform, for the statue. The correspondence and interviews that took place on the subject occupied months, and would fill a moderate-sized volume. I must content myself by quoting almost the last letter written by Mr. Wyatt to "My Lords and Gentlemen," on April 6, 1846, as it bears on the question I started with—

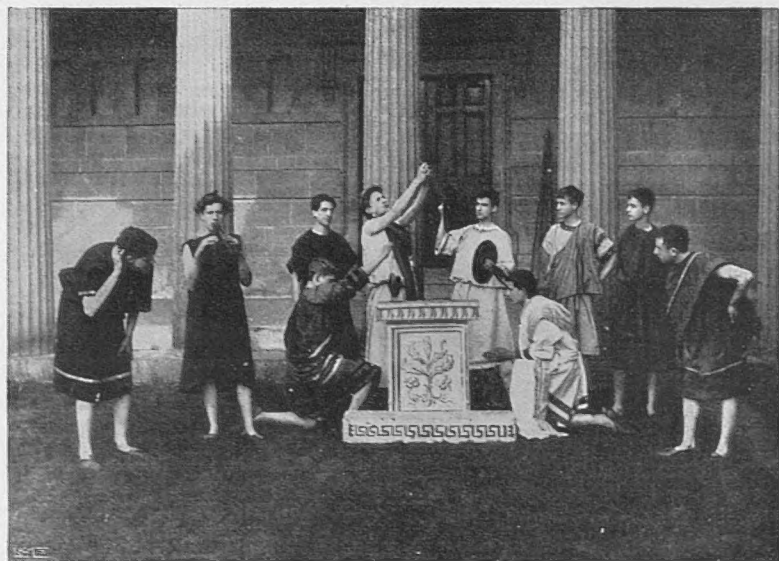
The various interviews and numerous communications I have had with Mr. Decimus Burton, in compliance with the directions of the Committee, upon the subject of preparing the Arch on Constitution Hill for the reception of the equestrian statue of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, have resulted in the design for constructing and supporting the pedestal and uniting it with the

Arch, as laid down in the plans and sections which I have submitted to Mr. Burton, and now feel it my duty to forward to the Committee. In reference to the last clause of the letter from Lord Lincoln of June 30 last, addressed to the Duke of Rutland, and in that from the Commissioners of Woods and Forests of Dec. 18, addressed to Mr. Burton, on the subject of preparing the Arch, I beg to state that the proposed design has been made particularly with a view to avoid the necessity of removing the present occupants from the apartments on either side of the Gateway. The three lower storeys will remain unaltered, and may be inhabited while the workmen are employed in the upper rooms and upon the roof. The portion of the building now occupied by the police will not be interfered with, except by once shifting them from one side to the other, and the work will be accomplished in a week or ten days, the chief part of which will be above the present roof of the Arch of the Gateway. It appears there has never been more than three fires lighted for the use of the gatekeeper or the police, and it is proposed to carry off the smoke through metal tubes; thus, I conceive it will be unnecessary to interfere with the present occupants of the Arch. I therefore suggest to the Committee that they are in a position to authorise and command me to take possession and commence work without further delay.—I have the honour to remain, your obedient servant, MATTHEW COTES WYATT.

To whom the whole affair had now become most distasteful.

The photograph of a curious monument to the great Queen Elizabeth has just been sent to me. This memorial of the Maiden Queen is skied—in fact, is close to the ceiling in the nave of Great Berkhamstead Church. The royal arms were originally painted in colour, most of which is faded. There is no date attached, but from the inscription one would infer that it was erected about the time of the Queen's death. The writer of the epitaph doubtless voiced the feeling of the age, for Elizabeth may fairly challenge comparison both in statesmanship and sovereignty with any monarch that ever lived.

Bath College, which of late years has come rapidly to the front as a hot-bed of University scholars, does not devote itself to work so rigidly as to have no time for the lighter side of the classics. The "Miles Gloriosus" of Plautus is the seventeenth Latin play which has been produced there, and the success attending it has led its promoters to

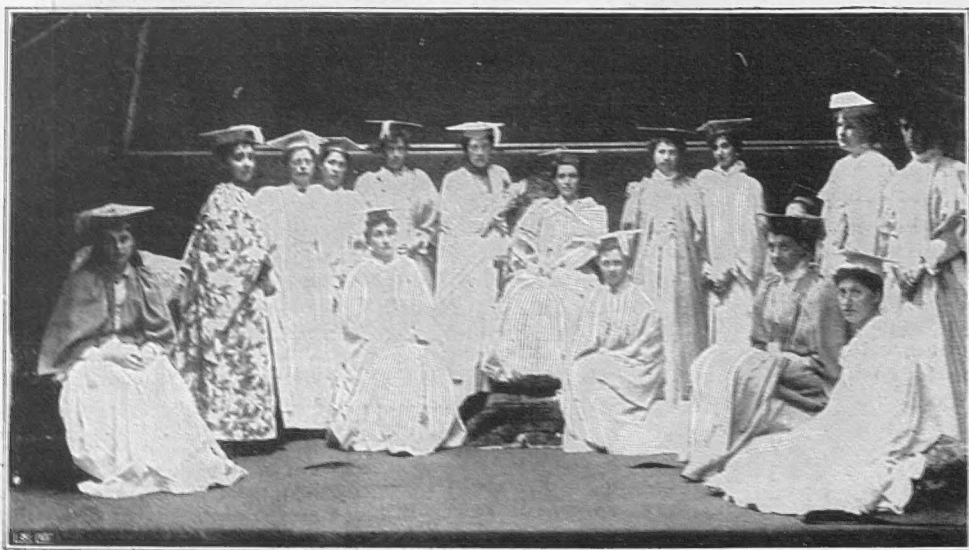


"MILES GLORIOSUS" AT BATH.

Photo by Graystone Bird.

hope that in future two performances will be given, in order to accommodate those "crowded out" on the first evening. The play as acted was founded on Professor Tyrrell's edition, and a translation and programme *résumé* were supplied for the benefit of those in the audience whose Latinity was rather rusty. The prologue was written by Mr. V. M. Ferrers, an old Bathonian, and spoken by Mr. C. T. Carr, the Captain, and an orchestra played the "Miles Gloriosus March," composed for the occasion. The incidental music was composed by Mrs. Roberts, and played on the clarinet by Mr. Wayte. In the principal rôles Messrs. Coningham, Scott, Thomas, and Ferrers acted in a life-like manner, while avoiding the extravagances which frequently cause productions of Latin comedies to degenerate into buffoonery.

Tennyson's "Princess" has always seemed to me the ideal bit of drama for women to appear in. The Bournemouth Students' Association are of the same opinion, for they gave a costume recital of the poem the other day in connection with a small industrial exhibition held in the town. The association, I may say, devotes itself to the support and development of University Extension work in all its aspects, literary, financial, and social. The portions selected for recitation were very well delivered, and the costumes, college-caps, and gowns in delicate colouring showed admirably in well-arranged groups on a stage draped with crimson baize and decorated with rhododendron blossoms, laburnum, and foliage, in which were repeated the colouring of the costumes of the three schools.



"THE PRINCESS" AT BOURNEMOUTH.



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In these days of myriad books, with "forewords," or prefaces, addressed to gentle or up-to-date readers, it is amusing to light upon a preface issued "To Those Who Do Not Read," and written in contumely of books and bookmakers—the latter, be it observed, not of the Dick Dunn *genre*. The paradoxical nature of this address is further shown by its being the introduction to a work entitled "The Second Library," a sort of continuation of "The Library" of Anton-Francisio Doni, one of the most *bizarre* and whimsical of early Italian bookmen. It begins: "How happy beyond all others are ye that know not your A B C! What thanks do ye not owe to Fate and your fathers, who did not make you toil and moil in learning how to read! . . . How think ye a book is made? What means a piece of scribbling-paper? How do we fill such things?"

These questions are answered by a fable, and, after stigmatising as a crackbrain and fantastical fellow of conceits the discoverer of the capability of saying and expressing everything by twenty-and-odd letters, Doni, himself a master of compiling, and not unacquainted with the useful art of plagiarism, continues: "The very earliest of all writers began at a run, and in a jiffy laid hands on everything that could be written about. Those that came later read all that their fore-runners had fashioned, and, by taking from one man a mouthful of rough copy, from another a bird's billful of paper, in this place threading in six words, in that patching on four more, they made not a book, but a booklet, or rather, an ass of a book. But we of to-day have before us a whole store-room of books which contain a flood of words, and, as our predecessors made mixture out of mixture, so do we dig up out of many books what we pass off as a new one. Thus revolves the wheel of words, up and down thousands of times an hour; but it never diverges from the alphabet, nor from uttering in the same mode and form what has been said by all before us, and what will be said by others some centuries hence. Thus, with our brains ever on the whirl, we waste our time and



BYRON AS A BOY.

consume the livelong day in scratching paper, turning over pages, wearing out our eyesight, tiring our tongues, upsetting our digestions, and making idiots of ourselves over this blessed reading and writing." This amusingly splenetic outburst, which I have rendered into appropriately archaic English, was written, it should be noted, when young Edward VI. was King of England, and ages before enterprising editors circularised authors as to the number of words they could turn out in a day.

I am indebted to Mr. George Sharland, of Gravesend, for this portrait, which is believed to represent Byron as a boy. The known facts about the picture are these. Mr. Sharland found it, minus a frame, in the shop of a furnisher and upholsterer, whose father (still living) started

appears as a Professor Peter Pindar (the name recalls many old memories), who, while suffering from indigestion caused by a pork-chop supper, is hypnotised by an Oriental practitioner of the occult arts, and transported to the Land of Nod, where many strange and farcically perturbing things happen. Naturally, Mr. Chevalier has provided himself with the opportunity of reappearing as a coster comedian, and he gives other character impersonations in the course of the new musical comedy. "Why should London wait" for Mr. Chevalier's return to the regular boards?

The New York *Critic* announces that Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley, the author of the charming "Jed-bury Junior," has sailed for London, where she will arrange for the production of "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle," which made a hit at the Lyceum, New York. "Jed-bury Junior" is to be produced in Paris. Mrs. Ryley returns to America in the autumn to superintend the production of a new play, "A Coat of Many Colours." I reproduce the *Critic's* portrait of her.



MRS. MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY.

Miss Estelle Burney, whose new play, "Settled Out of

Court," was produced at Miss Janette Steer's matinée at the Globe last week, originally came out as an actress under the tutelary care of Miss Geneviève Ward. Together with her brother, Arthur Benham, who died some eighteen months ago, Miss Burney wrote a promising and ambitious dramatic satire, "The County," which was produced at a matinée at Terry's early in June 1892, parts being filled by the joint authoress, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Waring, Mr. W. L. Abingdon, and Miss Annie Hughes. "The Awakening" was another drama in which, I think, brother and sister were concerned. Miss Burney had a short season at the Garrick in the winter of 1892, when she produced "David," a psychological poison-drama by Louis N. Parker and "Thornton Clark" (Murray Carson). The last-named played a leading part in this, and important places in the cast were filled by Mr. Waring and Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe). Latterly Miss Burney has been a constant figure at first-night performances, and her reappearance as an authoress will be welcomed by those who recall her previous clever work.



MISS MAUD JEFFRIES AS A DOLL.

Photo by Dinnie, Leeds.

Here is the doll which Miss Maud Jeffries made for the Leeds Doll Show. It represents herself as Mercia in "The Sign of the Cross."

Among the sensations in a new blood-curdling melodrama are such pleasing items as the Murder of a Woman in a Railway Carriage, and the House of the Frozen

Dead. Either of these is cheerful enough to give one "the horrors." Another play, "The Mask of Death," promises to be equally enlivening.

Apropos of the Lovat peerage case—

I'm Lovat, I'm Lovat, and who shall dare  
To hide me for holding my nobleman's chair?

Quite the handiest album to St. Paul's, and certainly the timeliest of Mr. Freeman Doraston's admirable "view books," has just appeared in the charming brown-paper covers which mark the series off from others of a similar kind.

Most people seem very vague in their knowledge as to the dramatic work formerly seen in London from the pen of Mr. F. W. Sidney, whose adaptation of a story by Mr. Grant Allen has been accepted by Mr. Tree. I might, therefore, point out that during Mr. Sidney's absence in America, in March 1895, a farcical comedy of his, "A Loving Legacy," was produced at the Strand, with Messrs. W. H. Day, Oswald Yorke, Alfred Maltby, J. A. Rosier, Mark Kinghorne, Misses Lizzie Henderson, May Whitty, Nancy Noel, and Katie Lee in the cast. The central idea was not at all a bad one, the "loving legacy" of the title consisting of the favourite harem-ladies of an Anglo-Turkish Pasha, by whom they were bequeathed to his nephew. As the piece was a farcical comedy, of course this bequest caused no end of trouble. "A Loving Legacy" had been brought out at Eastbourne a few weeks before it began its run at the Strand.

Mr. Albert Chevalier seems to have made a good start with his new musical comedy, whimsically entitled "The Land of Nod," the production of which at Lincoln was, I am told, prodigiously successful. Mr. Chevalier





A DAUGHTER OF VICTORIA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TALMA, MELBOURNE.



The celebrities of the House of Commons are discussed in an article in the June number of *Harper's* by Mr. T. P. O'Connor. Nobody makes more "copy" out of these celebrities than the ready writer who represents the Scotland Division of Liverpool. His style, though loose, is usually picturesque, and he knows what the average man likes to read. The partisan, however, is sometimes too strong for the journalist. To the failings of the Liberal leaders he is a little blind, while the virtues of the Unionist statesmen, as a rule, receive grudging recognition. Is it correct to say that Sir William Harcourt is the greatest celebrity in the House? Many strangers express less interest in the Leader of the Opposition than in Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Balfour, or even in Mr. John Morley. According to Mr. O'Connor, Sir William's Budget dealing with the death duties "has made him the idol of the democracy." This must have been written before the General Election. There is inherent evidence, indeed, that the article left its author's hands two years ago. Mr. Balfour, unlike other Unionist statesmen, is greatly praised by Mr. O'Connor. He is said to have "one of the sweetest smiles of any man in the House of Commons." It may be that he is thus painted in order that Mr. Goschen and Mr. Chamberlain may suffer by contrast. Mr. Goschen's voice is stated to be "as raucous as that of a Californian group of frogs," and there is a great deal in the article concerning Mr. Chamberlain's "faults of temper."

It is interesting to observe how Mr. Chamberlain's strong personality fascinates all who gossip about the celebrities of Parliament. Even if they do not like this masterful man with the strong will and the sharp tongue, they spend much ink on his characteristics. Are not his single eye-glass and his orchid as familiar as Mr. Gladstone's high collars—which were really never so high as they were represented? In M. Paul Rénouard's portrait we see the Colonial Secretary in familiar attitude, deliberately adjusting his eye-glass. The eye that looks through that glass is one of the shrewdest and sharpest which ever surveyed the Parliamentary scene. And the older Mr. Chamberlain grows, the more his face resembles that of Pitt as it is carved in the statue standing in St. Stephen's Hall. Not only is the nose the same, but there is a resemblance also in "the cleanly cut, exquisitely pursed-up mouth"—a mouth of which Mr. Thomas Hardy has said that it is in itself a young man's fortune if properly exercised. Much

as Mr. O'Connor dislikes Mr. Chamberlain, he recognises in him the most formidable and the readiest debater of the House of Commons. His gifts as a debater have been of great value to the Government during the last two or three weeks in defending the Compensation for Accidents Bill. With so many experts—employers and lawyers—ready to wound, though afraid to strike, it required a debater of dexterity and fearlessness to steer the Bill through the House. Mr. Chamberlain has neither feared the critics nor regarded very much his own colleagues. He has hit out with perfect freedom, and his hits in debate are almost always sure, and often deadly. Like Fuzzy-Wuzzy, he's "a first-class fighting man."

I note with interest that among the many daily papers published, but not, in this instance, printed, in Paris is a regular Beggars' Journal (*Journal des Mendicants*). This strange production, which is originally written out on a single sheet and then copied many times, contains much information of great pith and moment to the professional beggar. In it

are published every morning full details with respect to "Paris Day by Day"—or rather, perhaps, to the diurnal doings of "Tout Paris." For instance, a complete list is given of the various ceremonies—marriages, baptisms, funerals, and so forth—fixed to take place in the families of rich people who are likely to be lavish in their largess; and "functions" which promise to be specially remunerative to members of the fraternity are duly marked as such on the sheet, which further gives a sort of directory of all people known to be charitable, together with the hours most convenient for calling. Well edited, similar productions would, I should fancy, prosper in every large capital in the world.

Writers on the recent double canonisation performed by the Pope lay stress upon the fact that the ceremony was as gorgeous in every way as the last held at St. Peter's thirty years ago. I may go still further, and say that the ritual was almost exactly the same as that detailed in an ancient work published early in the sixteenth century—a striking instance

of the integrity of the forms of the Roman Catholic Church. The account of the procession to St. Peter's and the ceremony therein performed might almost have been translated from this old volume, save for a few minor omissions or alterations. Mention is made of the white face and white dress of Leo XIII.; in the earlier description the Pope descends to St. Peter's clad in red. The advocate of the cause of canonisation (*procurator causæ*) still remains, but there are sundry changes in the part taken by the Pontiff in the service. I miss the time-honoured protestation (out of date even in the sixteenth century) that his Holiness was not being coerced into granting the canonisation against the interests of the Church and the honour of God. No doubt Leo XIII.'s age prevented him from celebrating in person the Mass, "which, in his stead, could be celebrated by a Cardinal." The offertory, I see, was made by the six Cardinals serving at the Mass; in the old days this fell to the three Cardinals (Bishop, Priest, Deacon) who shared among them the presentation of the candles, loaves, gold and silver bird-cages, and vessels containing wine. Still, save for these minutiae, the motto "*Semper eadem*" holds good.

While dog-owners in England are clamouring for a humane muzzle—or, preferably, none at all—people in India are inquiring whether the resources of civilisation are unequal to the task

of devising a more effective and humane method of slaying the harmful, unnecessary pariah dog than is at present in vogue. As is well known, these brutes swarm in every town and village, ownerless and half-starved. At the beginning of every hot season the municipal dog-killers open their annual campaign against the surplus pariah population with club and poison. The club is effective when the killer can get near enough; but the "pi" is intelligent, and knows his enemy from afar; whence it needs more tactical skill than the average coolie can boast to make anything like a decent bag. Poison is regarded with natural dislike by the Europeans, if only on account of the risk run by their own dogs; and the pariahs thrive and increase, in spite of all. The good folks of Madras are sorely exercised on the subject, for rabid pariahs are by no means uncommon. Why do not the authorities schedule pariahs as noxious beasts, and offer rewards for them, as they do for snakes and other dangerous creatures? The low-caste people, who don't mind touching the unclean dog, would then see the advantage of drowning superfluous litters.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Drawn by M. Paul Rénouard for the June Number of "Harper's Magazine."



To attend the sales at Christie's year after year should certainly be a liberal education, and one that is bestowed free, gratis, and all for nothing. At Christie's, not only on the days of sale, but with greater leisure and comfort on the days that precede them, one may have an opportunity of viewing the finest works of the old and modern masters, the finest furniture, plate, china, tapestry, arms, and armour that the world has produced; and all these fine things are being constantly changed, and can be looked at without even expending the modest shilling charged by the proprietors of shows which contain but the very smallest percentage of first-rate work. For over a quarter of a century it has been my delight to frequent Christie's, where, by the way, one sees the same faces year after year—the faces of art-dealers, art-critics, and great patrons of art the bulk of them. I can recall the break-up of many a historic collection of pictures, notably, during the last few years, such collections as the Becket Denison, the Bolekew, the Wells, the two Price collections, the Murrieta, the Dudley, the Adrian Hope, the Naylor-Leyland, and the Julian Goldsmid; and the assemblage of pictures disposed of a few days ago, once the property of the late Sir John Pender, must inevitably take its place with those I have recalled in the record of historic picture-sales. On the whole, Sir John Pender's collection was hardly as interesting as some that I have named, but in one respect it was a record sale—I mean, with regard to the prices obtained for the four Turners, specimens of the immortal art of the great painter at his best. £30,345 for the quartet! and two of them beating individually the record price for a Turner, with 7500 and 7600 guineas respectively. The glorious "Venice," bought by Mr. Agnew for 6800 guineas, reminded me of a story I once heard of the great painter's humour. "Ah, Mr. Turner," remarked a certain picture-buyer as he looked criticisingly at one of the artist's glowing canvases, "I never saw Venice look like that." "No," replied Turner, grimly humorous; "don't you wish you could?"

I give below one of the latest posters of "The Geisha."

A series of books about London have just appeared in time for the Jubilee. First of all are Dickens's Dictionaries of London and of the Thames. I notice several mistakes in the former, but its conception is so good that we could not do without our Dickens. Mr. Charles Eyre Pascoe's "London of To-Day" is more chatty. It is very beautifully printed. Last of all there is a newcomer, "The London Handbook" (The Grosvenor Press), which is notable for its signed articles. "The Heart of the World" is the title of a series of paragraphs by folk famous—more or less. Mr. Chamberlain makes it a peg for a little



MR. DUDLEY HARDY'S POSTER FOR "THE GEISHA."  
Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Waterlow and Sons, Limited.

discourse on our colonial policy. Sir Walter Besant says that "London was always a fighting city—a warlike city," to which we owe our foreign trade, our colonies, our Indian Empire. Max O'Rell declares that the English are the only people who are "socially and politically and perfectly free," and Mr. Balfour has his little say also. Both the last two volumes are copiously illustrated.



MR. ROBB HARWOOD AND MISS LOUIE FREEAR IN "A DAY IN PARIS."

Photo by Hana, Strand.

Besides the change of title which has taken place in "Lost! Stolen! or Strayed!" at the Duke of York's, the return of Miss Louie Freear to the scene of her triumphs with "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note" greatly strengthens Mr. Levenston's new bill.

### THE TIGER.

Nay, tell me not that belted knight  
Is but a foolish dream of yore:  
I see him watching in the light  
Of every lurid theatre door.  
No giant he of trumpet blare,  
With mighty mail or glistening blade,  
Yet waits he for his ladye fair,  
The tiger of the Smart Cockade.

The play is done; she gains the street,  
A mazy bunch of silken fluff;  
The skirt raised coyly at her feet,  
As if the paving-stones were rough.  
The tiny tiger clears a way  
Adown the passing cavalcade,  
And common folk perforce obey  
The mandate of the Smart Cockade.

Then, having seen her safe and sound  
Within the coach he nimbly locks,  
He'll touch his hat, and at a bound  
He joins the Jehu on the box.  
With folded arms he sits erect,  
So that his charge be not afraid;  
Right proud to be in livery deckt—  
The Order of the Smart Cockade.

But I and such as I must wait  
To render service, all in vain—  
It either comes too soon, too late,  
Perchance is greeted with disdain.  
I wish I were the tiger bold  
Who watches o'er the haughty maid,  
For wheresoe'er her carriage rolled  
I'd follow with my Smart Cockade.

J. M. B.

"A DAY IN PARIS," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

*Photographs by Hans, Strand.*



*Bidart the florist's first-born was taken out for a stroll by its nurse Catherine (Miss Elsie Cross) on its christening day.*



*There were plenty of other nursemaids in the Luxembourg Gardens, but Catherine became absorbed with her young man, and the baby was lost.*



*Chaconne (Mr. G. H. Barnes), Roquefort (Mr. Robb Harwood), and Godard (Mr. De Lange) were the child's three godfathers.*



*Rose d'Été (Miss Decima Moore) was a pretty actress who met her lover Gaston (Mr. Arthur Appleby) surreptitiously in Bidart's shop*



“A DAY IN PARIS,” AT THE DUKE OF YORK’S THEATRE.

Photographs by Hana, Strand.



The godfathers were each in turn overcome by the charms of the child’s godmother, Honorine (Miss Ethel Sydney).



This is how the three old gentlemen appeared after their vain search for the missing infant.

On April 27 “The Gay Parisienne” was followed, at the Duke of York’s Theatre, by “Lost! Stolen! or Strayed!” written by Mr. J. Cheever Goodwin to the music of Mr. Woolson Morse. Now the title is “A Day in Paris.” Here is the cast—

Bidart ...	Mr. F. WHEELER.	Gaston ...	Mr. A. APPLEBY.
Chaconne ..	Mr. C. ROCK.	Pacheco ...	Mr. A. STYAN.
Roquefort ...	Mr. R. HARWOOD.	Rose d’Eté ...	Miss D. MOORE.
Godard ...	Mr. H. DE LANGE.	Honorine ...	Miss E. SYDNEY.

Catherine ...	Miss E. CROSS.	Georgette ...	Miss E. BARTLETT.
Julie ...	Miss N. MARTINO.	Corpl. Bridoux	Mr. H. KILBURN.
Sarah ...	Miss L. FREEAR.	Achille ...	Mr. W. BUTLER.
Jolivet ...	Mr. H. WILLIS.	Workman ...	Mr. J. S. FRANCIS.
Capt. Latour...	Mr. A. MAY.	Lisette ...	Miss F. GLYNN.
Françoise ...	Miss A. GODFREY.	Rosalie ...	Miss MAUD FOSS.
Louise ...	Miss GRENVILLE.	Vivienne ...	Miss F. HAMER.
Eileen ...	Miss N. NEVILLE.	Celestine ...	Miss M. DAYMOND.
Mme. Delacour	Miss E. STUART.	Balloon Girl...	Miss B. HART.
Delphine ...	Miss V. ELICOT.	Balloon Man ..	Mr. C. CROOK.



This is one of the men who sold lalloons for babies in the Luxembourg Gardens.



This is Rose’s maid Julie (Miss Nina Martino), with her mistress’s Irish deerhound.

"A DAY IN PARIS," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

*Photographs by Hana, Strand.*



*Bidart (Mr. Frank Wheeler) at last recovers the child.*



*Rose d'Eté, her maid, and her dog.*



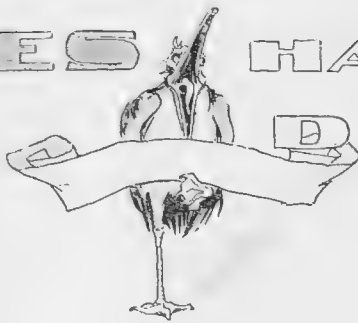
*This is the corps de ballet as seen in the piece.*



# THE DUMPIES HARMONY AND DISCORD

FRANK VERBECK,  
ALBERT DISCOVERY,  
HISTORIAN.

[Copyrighted by The Sketch.]



The coming of the Pelican to the Land of Low Mountains occurred in the early summer of the Year of Amenities. It was not attended by accident or adventure, but was the result of a general invitation sent out by the Dumpy people to all birds and animals of the sea and land, and in whatever walk of life. The Pelican was the first to respond to this call, and was received with great honour. A musical entertainment was arranged by Wiseacre to celebrate the event, and was given a few days later by the Dumpies and their friends.

It opened with a chorus entitled

## THE PELICAN

Sing ho, sing ho, sing cheerily, the Pelican has come  
O'er sea and land to join our band, the hosts of Dumpydom;  
O'er land and sea right speedily he sought our noble band;  
Sing ho, sing ho, for the Pelican, the pride of Dumpy Land!  
The Pelican, the Pelican,  
The Pelican has come:  
Hurrah, hurrah, for the Pelican, the joy of Dumpydom!



The singers were so pleased with their own performance that they repeated this chorus over and over, until Jolly-boy and Commodore were black in the face, and Wiseacre, the manager, had screamed himself hoarse trying to stop them. When he at last succeeded, he gently pushed forward the Pelican himself, who, after bowing rather timidly, plumed himself a bit and sang—

## THE TIDE OF THE TOPLESS BLUE.

A song of the upper air,  
Its measureless swirl and sweep,  
And the beat of wings and the joy that swings  
In the flow of its azure deep,  
In the flow of its azure deep,  
As I sail in the sunset hue  
To the evening star that floats afar  
In the tide of the topless blue.



CHORUS. All: The tide, the tide, the measureless tide  
Of the turbulent, topless blue.



Oh, joy of the upper air!  
Oh, dash of the ocean's brine!  
With seas below and above, I know  
There's never a life like mine.  
Yet now for a year and a day  
I bid them both adieu,  
And I heave a sigh as I sing good-bye  
To the tide of the topless blue.

CHORUS. All: Good-bye, good-bye, he sings good-bye  
To the tide of the topless blue.

As the Pelican finished, both Commodore and Jolly-boy rushed forward to the footlights, but Wiseacre, seizing each by the ear, led them back into line, while Topsy-loo and Wide-out stepped forward. They blushed prettily together to a sweet little prelude of the orchestra, and sang a love-song, entitled

## PLUMP AND FAIR.

Oh, I know a little maid,  
Plump and fair;  
And my heart, I am afraid,  
Lingers where  
She reposes all the day,  
And the honeysuckles stray,  
And the roses of the May  
Scent the air.

She reposes, she reposes, 'neath the nodding summer roses,  
And my faithful heart she knows is ever there.

Oh, my love is like a dove,  
Plump and fair—  
You will hear her spoken of  
Everywhere.  
And the honey-people say,  
Where the bees and blossoms stray,  
She grows plumper every day,  
I declare.

At the close of this song, Waddle, who seemed to fear that he would not get a chance, rushed forward, and, without waiting for the music, began to sing in a loud and distressing voice the ballad of

## THE UNFORTUNATE PIG.

I'll sing to you a story of a most unfortunate pig,  
Whose appetite was not so small, nor yet so very big;  
Whose bristles grew so very short he had to wear a wig.  
Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo for this unfortunate pig.

CHORUS. All:

Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo for this unfortunate pig,  
Whose appetite was not so small, nor yet so very big.

His legs were not so very short, nor yet so very long;  
Which brings me to the tragic end of this here mournful song:  
He perished of a broken heart, and danced the final jig.  
Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, the Dumpies cried for this unfortunate pig.

As Waddle finished, Wiseacre demanded what he meant by singing a song that was not on the programme. Waddle replied that it was a song he had composed himself, and that the King's poet, out of professional jealousy, would never have allowed it to be sung had he known of it. As the song had been highly applauded by the audience, Wiseacre allowed it to pass, and motioned Jolly-boy, Commodore, the Rabbit, and Sir 'Possum forward. They gave a quartet entitled

## HEROES BOLD.

RABBIT and SIR 'POSSUM, JOLLY-BOY and COMMODORE

Four heroes bold you see;  
Of Dumpy Land are we,  
Of habits sly,  
Of courage high,  
As heroes bold should be.



CHORUS. All: The Flower of Dumpy Land,  
The glory of the band—

As these lines were sung, each tried to shout the loudest. The result was terrible. Wiseacre rushed hastily forward, but not in time to prevent a scuffle which began among the four heroes, each of whom believed himself to be the glory of Dumpy Land.

The curtain was rung hastily down, and the uproar grew louder and louder behind it. By-and-by it was slowly raised, and only Wiseacre was left to sing the closing chorus, which had been written for the whole band—



A merry, brotherly band are we  
We never fight or disagree,  
But work together, hand in hand,  
For the glory and good of Dumpy Land.

Oh yes, oh yes, a brotherly band, as you can plainly see,  
We sing adieu, kind friends, to you, with hearts so light and free.

There was another stanza to this, but Wiseacre did not sing it. Perhaps it occurred to him as not being quite suitable to the conditions; so the curtain fell.

## MRS. SIDDONS, THE QUEEN OF TRAGEDY.

The statue of Mrs. Siddons, which has been erected on Paddington Green after the design of M. Chavalland, will be unveiled on Monday by Sir Henry Irving. Her story is always interesting. Sarah, the daughter of George Kemble, "a comedian," as the old church register has it, and Sarah his wife, was born at the small town of Brecon, by the shores of the River Usk, and is, as was the great Garrick himself, a native of romantic Wales. Brecon is not without its historic and histrionic interest, as Mrs. Siddons herself was fond of pointing out, as it is several times mentioned by Shakspeare.

Sir Hugh Evans, that "remnant of Welsh flannel" in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," was curate of the Priory of Brecon in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The Brecon folk, by the way, recently conferred the freedom of their town on Madame Patti, and have considered a scheme for commemorating in some tangible manner their great townswoman. At the same time, too, as the result of the Siddons Memorial Fund started in London, a statue has been erected on Paddington Green, a neighbourhood closely associated with the great tragédienne, as she lived at Westbourne Farm, near where the great railway terminus now stands, and close by, in the churchyard of Paddington, is the great actress's grave. The statue represents her seated, and attired in Greek costume. Although the design of the French sculptor does not exactly follow Sir Joshua's picture of "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," yet it promises to be a fitting tribute.

Born in the atmosphere of the stage, she lisped dramatic numbers, and the boards and the great shining line of footlights were her nursery. The rows of upturned faces in stalls and balcony and pit disconcerted her no more than if they were—as old Kemble used to teach his pupils to regard them—"so many rows of cabbages."

A hundred and twenty-one years ago, in Christmas week, 1775, the young actress made her début in London at Drury Lane Theatre. Of course, up and down the country in that strolling Bohemian life, from the time when, as an "infant phenomenon," her mother had led her forth to the footlights to recite the fable of "The Boys and the Frogs," the young actress had made her name; but here was her first appearance in London. In those days—they were the days of Garrick, of the Kembles, and of Sheridan—Shakspeare was played to appreciative audiences. She played Portia in "The Merchant of Venice." The young débutante was praised, and altogether the critics prophesied a great future for her. However, her second appearance introduced her to a singular scene. Some unfortunate squabble arose as to the production of the piece, "The Blackamoor Whitewashed." Certain newspaper supporters of Garrick hired a band of prizefighters, who burst into the pit and effectually silenced all would-be detractors of the play. The scene was continued on the following night, when both parties met to have it out. Officers in the boxes fought with bullies from the pit and galleries. The ladies were driven from the house. Garrick, who stepped forward to quell the riot, received an orange artfully aimed at his head, while a lighted candle struck the actor king, who came to announce the withdrawal of the piece. As a whole, her appearance at Drury Lane was not a success, and, in truth, Garrick must not be too harshly judged for his coldness to her after these stormy scenes.

We find her at Bath, in the midst of the great world of fashion. Horace Walpole, and Mrs. Montagu, and Fanny Burney, poets, statesmen, wits, with their periwigs, their patches, and their powder, file before us as we recall those bygone days, when royal princesses and dukes might have been seen playing whist at night and taking the waters by day. "Three glasses of water, a toasted roll, a Bath cake, and a cold walk in the morning," was the regular prescription. The patients numbered among them the loveliest of the lovely and the gayest of the gay—the Beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, the Queen of Beauty, as she was called; then, after her, Mrs. Montagu, the Queen of the Blues, "brilliant in clothes, solid in judgment, critical in talk, with the air and manners of a woman accustomed to being distinguished, and of great parts"; then came short, plump, brisk Mrs. Thrale; and Cecilia, the romantic love of Sheridan—and among them all, towering loftily with a cold, chaste serenity, was the great Mrs. Siddons. Of these days, when

she stirred fashionable audiences, who came to weep at the tragedy she showed, a pretty story is worth the rescue from a crowd of memories. Among all these great people came a little, lame Scottish boy to drink of the healing waters. That boy was the great Walter Scott. On one occasion, witnessing "As You Like It," his interest was so great that, in the middle of the wrestling scene in the first act, he screamed out, "Ain't they brothers?"

At London, again, she appears at Drury Lane, this time under the management of the erratic Sheridan. She was to play Isabella in Southern's pathetic play of "The Fatal Marriage." That night will never pass from the annals of the British stage. The house was carried away in a storm of emotion. Men were not ashamed to sob, and women went into violent hysterics. That eventful performance ranks with Garrick's first appearance in "Richard III.," and Edmund Kean's in "Shylock" in 1814. Mrs. Siddons had stepped into the first place of her profession. Crabb Robinson, the critic, sated though he was with stage-plays, while witnessing her harrowing performance of Jane Shore, burst into a peal of laughter, and, upon being removed, was found to be in strong hysterics.

Henceforth her story is the story of great and almost unparalleled success. Her crowning glory was her Lady Macbeth. The weird,

sepulchral tones that sent a shudder through the house, the witching melancholy, and the last cry of a soul stricken to the point of collapse, have been recorded. No longer the pale, shrinking girl that Drury Lane had witnessed years before, she was now in the meridian of her beauty and her power. Her sleep-walking scene was profoundly moving, in spite of Sheridan's appeal, which she refused, begging her, on no account, to act it without holding a lighted candle in her hand, as it was against all stage tradition. She did much to introduce correct costume on the stage, and after her day it was no longer possible to play Macbeth, as did Garrick, in wig and Court-suit of sky-blue and scarlet! On the other hand, it was Mrs. Siddons who commenced that pernicious star system which has done so much to sap the foundations of the dramatic profession.

Among other remarkable incidents that happened to her during an eventful life, she was the first outside the royal circle to become aware of the approaching insanity of George III. After playing in "The Grecian Daughter" before the King and Court at Windsor Castle, the King, without any apparent motive, placed in her hands a sheet of paper bearing nothing but his signature, an incident which struck her as so remarkable that she carried the paper to the Queen, who thanked her from her heart, in broken English, for her great discretion in the matter.

Mrs. Siddons took her farewell of the stage on June 29, 1812. As early as three o'clock in the afternoon people began to assemble about the

pit and gallery doors. The scene in the house was stirring, and the audience recognised that they were to see their favourite actress no more. They stood upon their seats and cheered her, waving their hats for several minutes. Thus, in a burst of prolonged applause, and before a house stirred with emotion, Mrs. Siddons passed for ever from the stage she had loved so well and had done so much to honour.

For many years Mrs. Siddons lived at Westbourne Farm, in the parish of Paddington, next door to poor Haydon, but all trace of the place was destroyed during the construction of the Great Western Railway. She died on June 8, 1831, and just a week later she was buried in the New Ground of Paddington Church, a tablet being erected to her memory in the chancel of the church. The busy Londoner, careless of the many splendid relics of the past around him, has perchance forgot her resting-place amid the strain and stress of his hurried, restless life; but for many a day bands of enthusiastic pilgrims from across the Atlantic have gone to pay a tribute to the great Sarah Siddons. With loving reverence, too, Miss Mary Anderson used to go to that still spot in the great city's centre and lay fresh flowers on the grave, and, at her own expense, she caused the railings and tombstone to be kept in repair. And now, near where Sarah Siddons sleeps, placid, calm, serene, in that great sleep of death, a marble statue has taken its stand in the crowded ways of the living to mark the greatness of a great woman.

ARTHUR HAYDEN.



MRS. SIDDONS AS THE TRAGIC MUSE.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

In the Dulwich Art Gallery.





THE STORY OF BHANAVAR. By GEORGE MEREDITH. (No. 2.)

BHANAVAR IS CARRIED AWAY TO THE CITY OF THE INLAND SEAS.

*Scarcely had the ship grated the shore when the warrior lifted Bhanavar and waded through the water with her and placed her unwetted in the ship.*

## ENGLAND THROUGH THE SPECTACLES OF FRANCE.

## OUR RACE.

At a season of survey like the present, when we are one and all engrossed on sunning Our Noble Selves in the dazzling light of Sixty Years of Progress, ever apt to overestimate the part we have played in it all, it is refreshing to enter an atmosphere tempered by the cooler judgment of a foreign spectator, who is essentially critical and may be historically hostile to our political aims. When, however, his estimate of us tends to corroborate our own, the general effect of his dicta becomes positively exhilarating. That is precisely the feeling you get after reading M. Edmond Demolins' "A quoi Tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons" (Paris: Maison Didot), and M. Augustin Filon's admirable account of "The English Stage" in Victorian times, which Mr. Frederic Whyte has translated for Mr. John Milne.

Unlike many of the more short-sighted French writers of to-day, M. Demolins does not attempt to see in this universal Saxon expansion the result only of unceasing intrigue, allied to a national quality of "pushfulness." He compares the colonies of the British Empire with those not only of France, but of Germany, of Italy, and of Spain, and there again he proves to his own satisfaction the incontestable superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race over their Teutonic and Latin rivals. Indeed, he is so lost in admiration, that he paints the situation of his countrymen considerably darker than it is in reality. It is admitted by all those who have studied the question that the French, once they can be persuaded to emigrate, make most excellent colonists. This has been proved in old days in Canada and Louisiana, and, in modern times, in Algiers, the French Congo, and Tunis. Sobriety, industry, and thrift are, as it were, the birthright of every Frenchman born to a working life. On the other hand, he is curiously lacking in that spirit of enterprise and disintegrating energy which makes it possible for the British village lad to expatriate himself for ever with more calmness than a French peasant would take a six months' working-engagement in the next province to his own. The French writer thoroughly approves of the British public and grammar school system. He laments the closeness of French home-ties and would fain see a little wholesome sternness introduced in parental discipline.

It is strange that M. Demolins does not touch on the initial cause of the state of things he deprecates so sincerely. When Napoleon I. instituted his scheme for the equalisation and distribution of property, he dealt a double-handed blow at the colonial expansion of France. He abolished from French home-life what we know as the younger son—the lad who, while sharing all his elder's advantages of education, mental and physical, has yet, at a certain moment, to turn out of the nest in order to take his chance in Greater Britain. Thanks to the Code Napoléon, every Frenchman born in a certain class is sure of a certain share of material comfort. He has no incentive to serious work of any kind. On the contrary, his whole object, and that of his family for him, is to secure some small official post which, whatever it be, will minimise the compulsory army service, and, while keeping him out of mischief, will prepare him for the enjoyment of such a correct and sensible old age as that which his forebears enjoyed before him.

The French critic draws a sharp distinction between the Celt and the Saxon. He seems to have made most of his practical observations in Scotland, and there, he asserts, nothing can be more curiously different than the home-life of the Lowland Scot and of the Irish or Highland Celt. On the one hand, he says, you find scrupulous neatness; on the other, lack of cleanliness, and even of elementary comfort. He attaches enormous importance to the Anglo-Saxon ideal of the home, and points out that in those French provinces where there is the same regard for "le foyer"—that is to say, in Brittany, in Auvergne, and in the Pyrenees—all that is best in France is to be found.

On one point, on which much might be said by any thoughtful observer of the France of to-day, M. Demolins does not touch directly at all, and that is the strange lack in France of what the Anglo-Saxon races style public opinion. Thoughtful Republicans of the old school will tell you that widespread open manifestation of opinion died under the Third Empire. Be that as it may, the fact remains that nowadays the right of public meeting in France is only exercised by the students and by small groups of militant Socialists. The nation can apparently be aroused without any very great difficulty to a feeling of personal enthusiasm for a man or for a cause, but of public opinion in the ordinary sense of the word there is absolutely no manifestation. The utterances of the Press are looked upon with suspicion, often with only too much reason, for it does not infrequently happen that a great Paris daily, after strongly advocating a special course of action for a few days, will suddenly make a complete *volte face*, and proceed to advocate with even greater energy the other side. Every day money plays a greater part in French public life, and men who would in no circumstances accept even the most subtle of bribes, will resign themselves to playing the rôle of tempter to those of their colleagues and superiors whom they suspect or know to be less high-minded than themselves. M. Demolins does not deal with this very delicate side of French life, and he resists drawing the usual moral from the Panama scandals. But, taking one thing with another, this analysis of the causes which have brought and are still bringing about the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race is a valuable addition to the Anglo-French literature of the day.

## OUR DRAMA.

Whatever the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon in certain aspects of life, it is not peculiarly evident in the drama of the reign. Indeed, as M. Filon's book on the Victorian stage hints, it is curious that the Anglo-Saxon race, which produced a Shakspeare at a time when it counted a bare three millions, and covered a mere patch of ground, should now be able to produce so many "clowns and dancers," when it is forty times more numerous and has spread itself throughout the world. These "clowns and dancers," indeed, weigh heavily on the soul of Mr. H. A. Jones, who introduces the book in a characteristically contentious preface. "At the time M. Filon wrote" (1895), he says, "the English drama was a force in the land, and had the promise of a long and vigorous future. Now, those who are leading it stand for the moment defeated and discredited before their countrymen. But the movement is not killed, it is only scotched." In that last sentence is summed up, if not in so many words, the result of M. Filon's investigations. You shut the book with the conviction that the Anglo-Saxon, whatever his undoubted constructive evolution, is subject to periodic panics of Puritanism, which lay hold on all art, more especially that of the theatre, and lay low all attempts to treat life seriously when it is presented in a play.

M. Filon—how strange that it should have been left to a Frenchman to write the story of the Victorian theatre!—pictures our stage at the time when the small girl named Victoria was minding her dolls. The country was left to the strolling player. London was in the hands of Kean and Macready—genius pitted against talent—Sheridan Knowles had become famous with the impossible "Virginus," which still lives! Douglas Jerrold gained fame by his worst production, "Black-Ey'd Susan," and Lytton was considered a genius in view of "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," and "Money." M. Filon's vocabulary is unequal to the task of scorning these works, and yet the whole five of them will probably be played somewhere throughout the English-speaking world to-night. Thus, starting with a note of legitimate depreciation, M. Filon sets out on his dreary voyage of discovery with the greatest good-humour. It is dreary, for one must now read the mass of Victorian drama; and, when one remembers that it was written to act, and seldom to read—for the printing of plays is a latter-day and really a tentative fashion—it will be readily understood how much courage anybody must have to write a history of the early drama under Victoria. Think of pondering in book-form H. J. Byron's early burlesques, in which little Marie Wilton played endless Cupids at the Strand! And yet, with many a picturesque touch, M. Filon reanimates the past and controverts Mr. Henley's dictum on dead actors. His description of the inauguration of the "Dust-Hole" in Tottenham Court Road, under the Banerofts, is charmingly done, introducing us to T. W. Robertson, and, later, to Mr. Gilbert. M. Filon has a positive affection for the author of "Caste," for he looks on his work as essentially indigenous to the soil. "Call it 'Cup-and-saucer comedy' if you like," he says, "but remember that the tea-table fifteen or twenty years ago was still the centre of the home—the symbol of the family, the core of English life, such as it had been formed by the combination of the spirit of Puritanism with that of middle-class Utilitarianism." How different was Gilbertianism! "Sweethearts" showed that he "could neither depict love nor reproduce its language. Is it out of a kind of revenge that he has continued to rail at love ever since?"

The last half of the book, which covers the ground beginning with the rise of Sir Henry Irving, is remarkably well done. M. Filon has a tremendous opinion of Sir Henry, and in discussing him he analyses Tennyson as a playwright with greater acumen and seriousness than anybody else has done. The chapters dealing with Mr. Grundy, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Pinero, while somewhat out of proportion to the rest of the book, are deeply interesting. On Ibsen M. Filon holds somewhat curious views. He asserts, for instance, that the English turn towards the Scandinavian world, "much as we towards the Græco-Latin, with a vague feeling of tenderness and filial curiosity," and that "the time is approaching when the Norwegian drama will pay." Some of us would certainly like to believe that, but surely the wish were father to the thought.

In speaking of the critics M. Filon is very fair. He pays—and it is well that he should have done so—a merited tribute to Mr. James Mortimer, and to Mr. Archer he shows his indebtedness in every page, estimating with keen penetration the extraordinary difficulties which a critic of Mr. Archer's calibre has had to face. Nobody has stated more clearly Mr. Archer's services. "He has had to hew a passage for himself through a forest of prejudices; he has had always to go back to the elements of his subject, to demonstrate principles which with us are taken for granted—to accomplish, in fact, a task which bears some resemblance to that of Lessing in the *Dramaturgie* of Hamburg."

Glance for yourself at "The Theatrical World of 1896" (Walter Scott, Limited), which Mr. Archer has just issued, and you will see that M. Filon is not overestimating his man. This unrivalled critical history of the drama of 1896 is prefaced by a plea for an endowed theatre, to which Mr. Archer returns with enthusiasm so great that a doubter is verily tempted to hope with him. To M. Filon in the first place, and to Mr. Archer in the second, all English playgoers owe a great debt for these two books, which, by a curious coincidence, have appeared almost simultaneously.



## DR. AUBREY'S HISTORY.\*

Like Carlyle's original manuscript of the "French Revolution," and like Sir Isaac Newton's famous treatise, Dr. Aubrey's volumes, and portions of the stereotype plates, were unfortunately destroyed just before publication. The fire that broke out at Messrs. Unwin's printing-works



DR. AUBREY.

Photo by Anstey, Hackney.

at Chilworth, in November 1895, made a holocaust of the labours of ten years. Happily, a complete set of the proof-sheets escaped, and the work appeared early in last year. Another edition is now being issued, besides the one published by Messrs. Appleton in New York, which is having a very large sale in America.

"The Rise and Growth of the English Nation" has special references to Crises and Epochs, and is designed to be a history of and for the people. Disregarding the usual arbitrary and artificial divisions by reigns, it treats of marked periods, so as to exhibit the development of the English people, with the varying phases of their daily life, the formation of the national character, the continuity and application of great principles, and the growth of constitutional liberties. The rise of the middle

and trading classes and of municipal institutions, the relation of the redress of grievances to the granting of supply, the treatment of crime and pauperism, the spread of literature, with industrial, commercial, and domestic matters, are adequately described. A bibliographical list, analytical tables of contents, and a copious index render the mass of information easily accessible.

The chief value of the work consists in the graphic presentation of England and its people in former days. As the author remarks, the sources of information are diversified and endless. He has levied contributions upon chronicles and annals, ballads and songs, statutes and public records, contemporary letters and journals, memoirs and autobiographies, satires and caricatures, the homily and the drama, inventories and assessments, lists of wages and prices, coins and medals, public events and personal anecdotes, so far as these can be authenticated.

By their aid can be seen, as in vivid panorama, the stately march of former generations, and the gradual construction of the map of England, that most wonderful of all palimpsests. We behold the wealth and misery of the passing age; its triumphs and its failures; its virtues and its crimes. We watch the rearing of massive edifices, the expansion of trade, the advance of civilisation, the struggles for popular rights and liberties, and the ebb and flow of the national life. We hear the din of battle, the strife of debate, the barter of the market, the hum of the street, the threats of the tyrant, the moans of the oppressed, the shouts of the reveller, the rough jokes of the country fair, the lay of the troubadour, and the sermon of the cleric. Peer and peasant, gentle and simple, age and youth, the men of action and those of reflection, travellers in distant lands and navigators of unknown seas, patriots and philanthropists, the ambitious rich and the discontented poor, all pass by in noiseless array.

Such is Dr. Aubrey's description of his ideal, and he has succeeded in embodying it. Prominence is given to such great formative events and circumstances as Saxon Influences, the Norman Infusion, the Rise of Ecclesiasticism, the great Charters of Liberties, Parliamentary rule, the Struggle for France, the Wars of the Roses, Scottish and Irish affairs, the Reformation, the Contest with Spain, the Stuart Tyranny, and the Constitutional Settlement. Due attention is paid to Feudalism and Chivalry, to Legal Developments and the Judicature, to the Protective Spirit and Sumptuary Laws, to the formation of the English language and successive translations of the Bible, to the Puritans and Separatists, to the Planting of New England, to the Petition of Right and the Grand Remonstrance, to the Colonies and India, and to everything that has contributed to the making of modern England. Men of light and leading, and others whose force of character has left its impress on the country, are carefully delineated, such as Alfred, Bæda, Dunstan, William I., Anselm, Henry II., Edward I., Wycliffe, Chaucer, Henry VIII., Wolsey, Cranmer, Erasmus, Luther, More, Bacon, Shakspere, Laud, Pym, Milton, Cromwell, and many more.

Special study is given to subjects connected with domestic, industrial, and social life, to agriculture and commerce, to roads and travelling, to education and the Poor Laws, to work and wages, to the condition of the people, to sports and pastimes, to diseases and doctors. About one-fourth of the fifteen hundred pages contained in the three volumes is devoted to these social glimpses, to industrial pictures, and sketches of the arts, literature, and science in their bearings upon the national growth. Space can be found only for brief citations. One is from the chapter describing a group of celebrities in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth"—

A boy of Plymouth or of Bristol, then the chief seaports of the South-West, wandering along the narrow streets or the crowded quays laden with the strange

produce of distant lands, might look at almost any time on bronzed, hardy sea-captains whose names and prowess were the themes of universal praise. They had ventured over the Atlantic in search of the city of gold and priceless gems; they had doubled Cape Horn and sailed on the sea of the peaceful name; they had threaded dangerous and intricate channels among the Northern ice-fields; they had skirted the African coasts, and safely passed the terrible Cape of Storms; some of them had found their way to India, and explored the land of fabled Prester John and other marvellous countries. Strange stories they told of what they had seen and heard, after the manner of sailors in every age; sometimes incredible as the legend of the Flying Dutchman, and always couched in nautical phraseology, marked more by strength and colour than by refinement or strict accuracy. The wonderful stories, losing nothing in the process of transmission, slowly filtered through various channels into the inland towns and villages, arousing them into a new life.

Another quotation is from the sketch of social life and manners early in the last century—

As usual, the caprices, the vagaries, and the extravagances of fashion gave rise to much satirical comment. The daily course of life of fine ladies, with their patches and powder, their pyramidal head-dresses and enormous hooped petticoats, their high-heeled shoes and crutched sticks, their decorated fans and their lap-dogs, was, for the most part, as shallow as that of the beaux and the wits. Addison and Steele in vain lashed their absurdities with the whip of satire. Drums, routs, masquerades, visits to Vauxhall Gardens or Ranelagh, hours spent in auction-rooms, shops, and hot baths, with tea, scandal, and frolic, made up the sum of existence. Addison also censured, but without effect, the oaths with which fashionable dames interlarded their frivolous chatter, and which Young declared were used to supply the vacancy of sense. When ladies went to church, it was to see and to be seen, to ogle, and flirt, and gossip. Steele reproves their practice of knitting in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, "because they were then in the immediate presence of God and her Majesty, who were both affronted together." Women were regarded as mere puppets and playthings. The high-flown classical and pastoral imagery in which they were addressed was notoriously insincere. Their education was grossly neglected. Scarcely one good house in a hundred possessed a musical instrument.

The closing chapter furnishes a comprehensive summary of the national advance, and the concluding sentences are as follows—

With the rising power of Parliament a curb was placed on the throne, on the priesthood, on military licence, on the Protective Spirit, and on every assumption of mere authority. Social upheavals in the time of Wycliffe, the resistless operation of economic laws, the growth and flexibility of the English language; the revival of learning; the mighty agency of the printing-press, and the opening-up of distant realms and of new continents, awakened a spirit of inquiry, inspired fresh hopes, and presented boundless possibilities. Tudor despotism was not able permanently to arrest the hands of the dial of progress. The Elizabethan age and the Commonwealth showed what heroic Englishmen were capable of undertaking and achieving, and their lofty utterances and noble deeds can never be forgotten. Necessary protests and stern resistance to kingly and prelatical tyranny, and growing demands for mercantile, intellectual, and religious freedom, paved the way for the Stuart struggle, which, after alternate successes and rebuffs, ended in the vindication of the men of the Commonwealth by the Revolution Settlement, as embodied in the Bill of Rights. The maintenance during dark and troublous days of the principles of liberty; the steady advance, in spite of all resistance, along the line of progress; the new era inaugurated by the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, by Catholic Emancipation, by the Reform Bill of 1832, and by the long series of equitable measures of which they were the precursors, furnish those who love their country with an incentive to persevere, and awaken a confident expectation of ultimate victory for the cause of that freedom which springs out of righteousness.

P. W. CLAYDEN.



MDLE. CLÉO DE MÉRODE.

Photo by Rentlinger, Paris.

\* "The Rise and Growth of the English Nation." By W. H. S. Aubrey, LL.D. Three Vols. London: Elliot Stock.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

Two of Mr. Alfred East's delightful landscapes, "A Moonlight Village" and "An Idyll of Spring," are here reproduced. Mr. East's greatest charm is one which makes him kin in some way to Corot; he has the capacity of idealising nature, while, at the same time, he impresses you with the truth of his interpretation. "An Idyll of Spring," with its

most unsympathetic stranger must recognise as characteristic, reminding one curiously of Henley's—

You touched me off that famous poise,  
The old effect of neck and head.

In a word, one may say that it is as pretty a study as need be.



AN IDYLL OF SPRING.—ALFRED EAST.

touch of poetic impossibility, its beautiful trees and birds and flowers, is poetical in the sweetest and tenderest sense of the phrase. "A Moonlight Village," with its utter peacefulness of sentiment and its idyllic beauty of houses and landscape, is among the most charming things he has done; it has a breadth and a beauty that are extremely attractive.

Two studies by Madame Bries from the Graves Galleries also appear in these pages. One, "A Naiad," is the head and shoulders of a



A MOONLIGHT VILLAGE.—ALFRED EAST.

Mr. A. C. R. Carter, in a very interesting and acute article on the Royal Academy of 1897, fills the greater portion of the letterpress of the *Art Journal* for June. He deals with the exhibition thoroughly and conscientiously, taking the art of the best-known painters turn by turn, and discussing them skilfully and with insight. One cannot, of course, discuss his opinions, which are usually sound and always based upon reasonableness; but one can cordially agree with his wisdom when he declares that "the truths, ideals, and standards of art were long ago found



ROSIÈRE.—MADAME BRIES.

Exhibited at the Graves Galleries, Pall Mall, S.W.



A NAIAD.—MADAME BRIES.

Exhibited at the Graves Galleries, Pall Mall, S.W.

beautiful girl with heavy masses of black hair, her drapery just falling away from her shoulders. The other, "Rosière," is the portrait of a face full of character and alertness, and decked in a bridal veil, with orange-flowers in her hair. The head is poised in a manner which the

out and fixed; the only reasonable development, or rather, variation, lying in the power of expression," and that "there never was a time in the history of British art when more stress was laid by artists on the mere making of a picture as opposed to the inspiration which caused it."



## WOMEN DOG-ARTISTS.

It is a rather curious thing that within a few weeks of each other two women artists should have had exhibitions of their pictures of dogs. These are Miss Maud Earl, whose show of "Canine Celebrities of the Day" is now on view at Messrs. Graves' Galleries in Pall Mall, and



A HERFORDSHIRE COCKER SPANIEL: HERFORDSHIRE, CHAMPION SWIFT.

The property of Mr. W. Herbert Singer.

Painted by Miss Maud Earl, and exhibited at the Graves Galleries, Pall Mall, S.W.

Miss Frances Fairman, whose work was exhibited at Clifford's Gallery in the Haymarket. Miss Earl's show is interesting to doggy and non-doggy people alike; to the former, because it contains life-like portraits of a large number of famous champions, and to the latter for the reason that they are not only portraits, but charming pictures in many cases of outdoor animal life; besides which, the dogs depicted are those of Royalty, or of people well known in the worlds of fashion, literature, and dogdom.

The single representative of the Queen's kennels is Snowball, her Majesty's favourite white collie, who was painted by special permission to Miss Earl for this exhibition. The picture is a particularly happy one, with its view of Windsor Castle in the distant background. Snowball is pure white, with the exception of his ears, which are a beautiful rich chestnut, and his nose and mouth are a deep black. He has a lovely soft brown eye. During the few days her Majesty spent at Windsor in May this picture was sent by royal command to her Majesty and gained her approval and commendation. Snowball was presented to his royal mistress on the occasion of her Jubilee in 1897. Mr. the Princess of Wales's Bazaar is another of Miss Earl's happily conceived and painted portraits. The dog himself is well known to frequenters of the more important dog shows as a prize winner, and the artist's treatment of her model leaves nothing to be desired.

Rover and Wilton are a brace of rough-haired dogs belonging to the Prince and Princess of Wales. The latter was exhibited at Earl's show this year. In fact, the Siberian shepherds, a favourite of the Prince of Wales, and a picture of which is to be seen at the show. The handsome white dog, with his black ears and face markings, seems to stand out in high relief against his snowy background; this dog has also been exhibited in London. In a year which has seen the latest Arctic explorer himself to an unprecedented

degree, Mr. Gilbert Bowick's Esquimaux dogs "Farthest North" and "Pole Ahoy" cannot fail to arrest the eyes of all visitors to this most interesting exhibition. These dogs are two of the survivors of Lieutenant Peary's pack of forty which came from the most northern native settlement in Greenland, and were used by him in his expedition.

For some time at the end of last year and the early months of the present one Miss Frances Fairman was in attendance either at Windsor or Sandringham painting the portraits of the fortunate dogs whose homes are either in the royal kennels or (more happy still) in "the house." Oscar, whose beautiful head is most truthfully and charmingly portrayed by Miss Fairman, is a great favourite of her Majesty. He is a handsome dark sable and white dog, and was bred by Mr. Megson, of world-wide collie fame, by whom he was presented to the Queen in 1892. His sire and dam being Champion Metchley Wonder and Bagatelle, who is a daughter of the late Higham Marvel, it is small wonder that he is such a good specimen of his breed. He carries his grand white-tipped brush in correct collie style, his ruff is exceptionally profuse, and he is a dog of kindly and friendly disposition, graceful in all his movements, and full of play. A pathetic interest surrounds the Dandy Dismont, Venus, who faces him on the page. He was the favourite dog of the late Duke of Clarence. Since the death of the Prince, Venus and the Prince of Wales, drawn together by the bond of sorrow, have devoted themselves to each other, and are rarely apart. The lovely little pair of Japanese spaniels and the Tibet spaniel Little Billie, who form the delightful trio in another of Miss Fairman's pictures, were the special pets of the Princess of Wales. Facey, the largest of the group, has, to the intense sorrow of his loving mistress, gone to the happy hunting-grounds since this his latest portrait was painted a few days before Christmas. He was a dog of bright intelligence and great affection, and with his companion, Punchie, had accompanied her on all her travels for many years, and was well known at the Imperial Courts of Copenhagen and St. Petersburg. He was a brilliant black-and-white dog, with a good coat and markings. Punchie (who, by the way, is a better specimen of a Jap than Facey) is under four pounds in weight, and has the comely short face and round head, with a big beauty-spot on his forehead. He is a bright, merry little person, and an immense favourite wherever he goes. Words fail to fully describe the charms of Little Billie. He is beautiful exceedingly both in mind and body. Miss Fairman has caught his expression to perfection, but a black-and-white reproduction can give no idea of his colouring, which is a delicate ivory-white, with fawn



"TWO TO ONE ON THE BRIDLE; RUSS PODOUS THE BRINDLE": CHAMPION BULL TERRIER THE.

The property of Mrs. Sarah Woodhouse.

Painted by Miss Maud Earl, and exhibited at the Graves Galleries, Pall Mall, S.W.



A RAID ON THE BORDER.  
SCOTS TERRIERS: CHAMPION KILDEE, CHAMPION KILMARN, AND ZELTA.  
The property of Mr. H. J. Ludlow.



"UN PAS DE DEUX."  
CURLY POODLES: THE ENCHANTRESS AND THE WOMAN IN WHITE.  
The property of Mrs. R. V. O. Graves.



"WHAT WE HAVE WE'LL HOLD!"  
BULLDOG: CHAMPION DIMBOOLA.  
The property of Mr. Pybus Sellon.



ON THE LOOK-OUT.  
COLLIES: ORMSKIRK EMERALD AND SOUTHPORT PERFECTION.  
The property of Mr. A. H. Megson.



A STERN TRIO.  
DALMATIANS: LADY GODIVA, SAMSON, AND SANDOW.  
The property of Mr. G. R. Sims.



GRACE BEFORE MEAT.  
CHOW-CHOW: CHAMPION BLUE BLOOD.  
The property of Lady Granville Gordon.

*Painted by Miss Maud Earl, and Exhibited at the Graves Galleries, Pall Mall, S.W.*



brindle markings. He has a clear little black nose, and lovely big, soft black eyes. His form is the perfection of grace and symmetry. From the first hour of his arrival at Sandringham he established himself in a foremost place in the Princess's affection, which he will always retain. He is her constant companion by day and night.



LUSKA, SIBERIAN SLEDGE-DOG.  
The property of the Prince of Wales.

Miss Fairman's special weakness in dogs is for Japs and bulldogs. Her tiny Jap, Yoba San, is a beautiful and most fascinating little person. To anyone specially favoured she holds up her little paws and simply begs to be taken up, and no one can possibly resist the pretty gesture. Another dog owned by Miss Fairman is Smut, a handsome

pug; he is one of the many dogs rescued by his mistress from a cruel death, and he bears on his body the marks of past ill-treatment, including the loss of one eye. He is a dog whom Dickens would have reproduced to perfection in a story, having strong affections, an unfailing memory for friends and foes, an excitable and at times morose temper.



ALEX, RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND.  
The property of the Princess of Wales

coupled with intense devotion to the few on whom he centres his love. Both dogs have "sat" for their mistress, and many portraits of them are to be seen in her studio, where there are also those of some of the most celebrated bulldogs of the day, including the late Dom Pedro, Champion Dimboola, and others known to fame.



BEAUTIES OF THE COURT: TOY SPANIELS—CHAMPIONS MAY QUEEN II., MISS MUFFET, MISTRESS MARY, AND CINDERELLA.  
The property of Mrs. R. V. O. Graves.

*Painted by Miss Maud Earl, and Exhibited at the Graves Galleries, Pall Mall, S.W.*

SOME ROYAL DOGS.

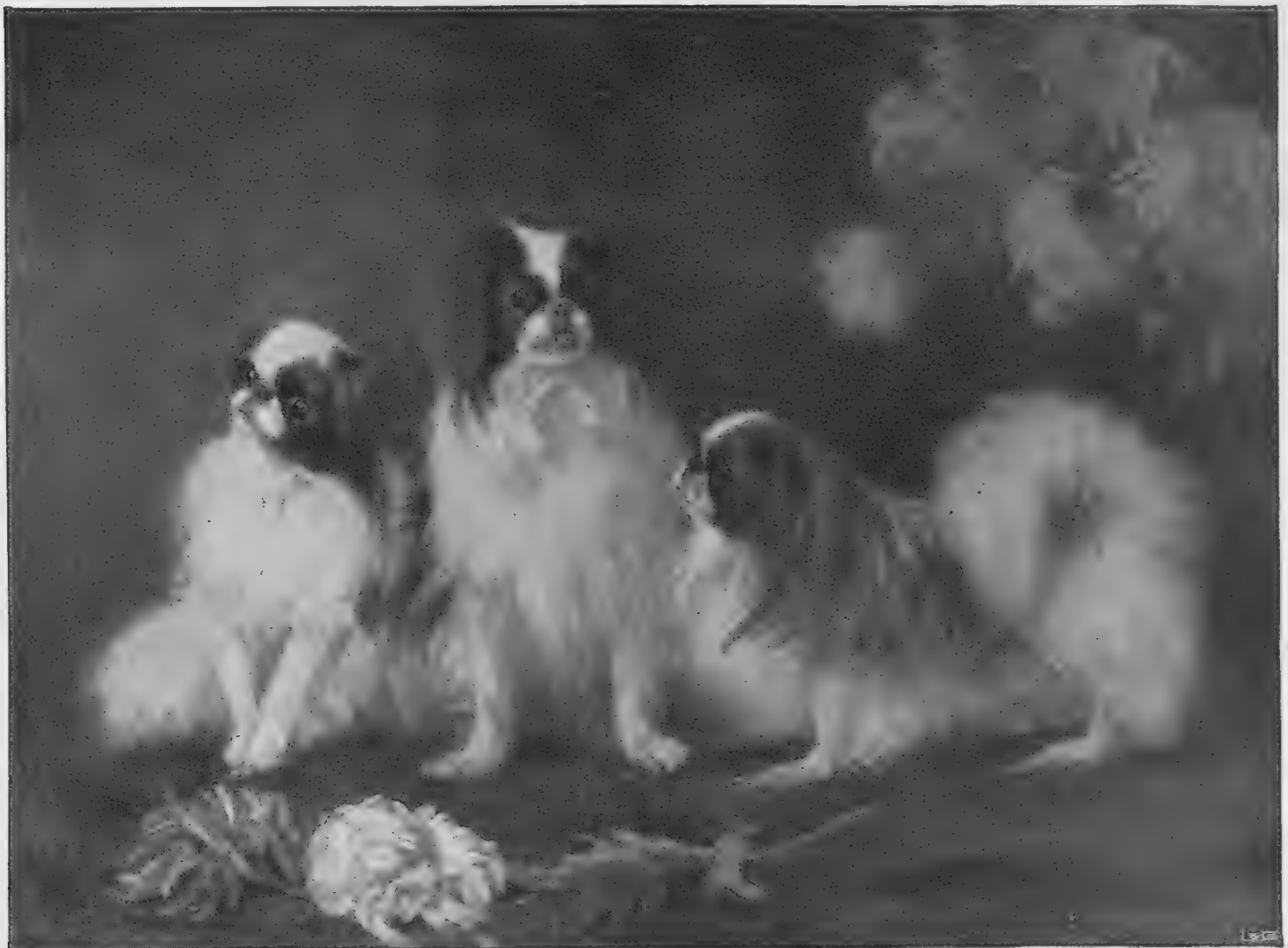
*Painted by Miss Frances Fairman, and Exhibited at Clifford's Gallery, Haymarket.*



THE QUEEN'S COLLIE, OSCAR.



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE'S VENUS.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S JAPANESE SPANIELS, PUNCHIE, FACEY, AND LITTLE BILLEE.



## TO HORSE! TO HORSE!\*

BY CHARLES LOWE.

During the past hunting season I had the pleasure of attending a certain meet of the hounds in one of the Eastern counties. The field included a German gentleman who had served with distinction in the cavalry of his country, and had got himself up to look the very picture of an English rider to hounds. His sumptuary *tenu* was, indeed, irreproachable. The keenest eye could not possibly have detected that he was not to the manner born, "but for æ little thing." His seat was long-stirrup'd, stiff, and angular, as that of a Rittmeister of Uhlans, and he sat in the saddle awaiting the sound of the huntsman's horn as if he had been listening for the notes of the trumpet that should herald the arrival of the Kaiser on the Parade at Potsdam. The roughrider under whose tuition charge he had placed himself gently gave him to understand that, if he endeavoured to follow the hounds with such a statuesque seat as that, he would infallibly part company with his horse at the first stiff fence. The German gentleman smiled at the roughrider, a smile of mingled scorn and self-reliance, but presently the laugh was all on the other side.

I could not help recalling this incident when engaged in the perusal of Sir Evelyn Wood's "Achievements of Cavalry," where he points out, by implication, that the English, who are simply unrivalled as riders to hounds, have a very much less brilliant record than the Germans as horsemen in the field of war. And the explanation is this: The English have never exhibited the same qualities of *mind* in the mounted pursuit of their foes, as they have ever displayed in the mounted pursuit of the fox. In emphasising the services and value of the mounted arm in modern warfare—when directed by calculating brains as well as impelled by death-despising courage—Sir Evelyn selects a dozen typical instances of cavalry encounters, extending from the war of the French Revolution down to the Franco-German War; and out of these, only one (or, rather, a half, for the other half was contributed by the Austrians) redounds to the credit of England. "It will be observed," he says, "that England, Poland, and Russia each furnished the troops for only one of the feats I have selected, Austria two, and France two, while *North Germany is credited with five out of the twelve Achievements*. This is to be accounted for, as far as our cavalry is concerned, by the fact that, though it had many opportunities of achieving success in the Peninsular War, yet the leading of its commanders, being more indicative of courageous hearts than of well-stored minds, was often barren of results." This, of course, is only another way of admitting the truth of the reproach that, under the old system, the British Army was an army of lions officered by asses, or, at least, by ignoramuses. But now, heaven be praised! we have changed all that, and the best proof of the change is the fact that our Staff College now sends forth men to wage our little wars who will compare favourably with the most accomplished members of the General Staff at Berlin, and that our army has already produced a crop of writers—like Sir Evelyn himself, Lord Wolseley, Lord Roberts, General Maurice, and a host of others—who form but one of a thousand symptoms that our officers have taken to the intellectual side of their profession with a seriousness and a whole-souled devotion which they never showed and never felt before. One result of this will certainly be that we shall have fewer blunders of the Balaclava kind at once to gild and blot our military annals, and that, when some Evelyn Wood, at the end of the next century, takes to discoursing on the achievements of cavalry, he will be able to place to England's credit a larger proportion of mounted exploits in war than the half of one out of a dozen in the cavalry record of the nations.

Not that our English cavalry has never distinguished itself by the utmost dash and bravery in the field. It never, indeed, did anything else. But daring without devicefulness, and, above all things, without solid results, counts for nothing in the scales of battle and in the eyes of such critics as Sir Evelyn Wood, who accordingly excludes from his golden tablet of achievement such lyre-lauded exploits as the charge, not only of the Light, but also of the Heavy, Brigade at Balaclava, which latter was, in reality, a very much finer thing than the other, though equally barren of tactical result. The self-sacrificial charge of Von Bredow's Heavy Brigade—consisting of the Bismarck Cuirassiers and the 16th (Hanoverian) Lancers—at Vionville-Rezonville has often been called the "German Balaclava." But while Lord Cardigan sacrificed so large a portion of his command and accomplished *nothing*, Von Bredow, at a cost of 436 officers and men out of only six squadrons, utterly wrecked six French batteries and dispersed four battalions, besides checking the advance of an Army Corps. In a similar manner, earlier in the same day, the 1st Prussian Dragoon Guards—now Queen Victoria's Own—sacrificed, out of three squadrons, 130 officers and men in its successful attempt to extricate a defeated infantry brigade, save several batteries of artillery, and check the advance of five thousand men. "I don't expect," said Voights-Rhetz, in giving the command to the colonel, "the regiment to succeed; but, if it can only check the enemy's advance and give us ten minutes' breathing-time, it will have fulfilled its mission, even if it falls to the last man." Therein was compressed an entire treatise on the modern functions of the cavalry arm, as well as in the command to Von Bredow: "To silence the enemy's batteries on the Roman road, cost what it might, and to break through the French infantry there, as far as possible, in order to give breathing-time to our own infantry. Perhaps the fate of

the battle depends on your attack." At Tobitschau, in the previous campaign (of 1866), three Prussian squadrons attacked some batteries in position and captured eighteen guns—was that not a splendid haul?—at the cost of only ten men; while a few days previously, at Benetek, one squadron of Prussian Hussars, surprising a Hungarian battalion as it emerged from a wood, captured a colour, 16 officers, and 665 of other ranks! In the campaigns both of '66 and '70 the German cavalry did wonders in the way of scouting and screening the movements of its own infantry—penetrating the designs of the enemy and casting an impenetrable veil over its own. But its shock-tactics were still more brilliantly carried out than its screen-tactics; it was better as a hammer than as a *Vorhang*; and all because it had leaders who combined in a wonderful degree the "well-stored mind" and the seeing eye with the swift executive hand—the calmness of the calculator with the impetus of the avalanche. This is doubtless a very rare combination of qualities. It is not enough to charge; the commander must, above all things, know the exact moment *when* to charge, and it is the harmonious mating of action with opportunity in this respect which makes the perfect cavalry leader.

Sir Evelyn Wood by no means shares the opinion of those who think that there are now fewer opportunities for the action of cavalry in face of modern arms of precision. On the contrary, "the importance of that arm of the service is as great now as ever it was; but its satisfactory employment, in these days of weapons possessing greater range and precision, requires not only assiduous reading, but also experiences in all field duties." In fact, it requires the new stamp of English officer—men who, in addition to being the best riders in the world, shall combine the seat of a fox-hunter with the calculating powers of a billiard-player, the courage of a Cardigan, the seeing eye of a Seydlitz, and the whirlwind impetuosity of a Zieten. As a means to this end, Sir Evelyn Wood strongly advocates manœuvres, again manœuvres, *und zum dritten Mal* manœuvres of the kind which the Germans annually enjoy, and which only the passing of a Manœuvre Act can properly place within the reach of the British Army. "I hope," he says, "that the British public is beginning to recognise the necessity for annual manœuvres; and, satisfied, as I am, that there is an increasing desire for improvement among the officers, I believe in the future of our cavalry"—as all other observers must also do who compare the arm as it is now with what it was only twenty years ago.

## EDWARD FITZGERALD AT BEDFORD.

Whene'er, with can and rods, I see  
A pair of anglers cross the lea,  
I think, rare Edward Fitz,\* of thee,  
And Piscatorial Browne.†  
The willows you so loved still blow,  
Your poplars stand in solemn row—  
Such shafts as only Ouse can show  
By pleasant Bedford town.

About each lane and river nook  
You "poked with colour-box and book,"  
And oft your way together took  
From Bedford unto Bletsoe.  
You pause before "The Angler's Rest";  
Methinks the cup was in request  
With Omar—has he not confessed!—  
A custom I regret so.

We see you in Piscator's close,  
Lie sunning, pleased, desidious;  
Your boots—while Omar's lines engross—  
Bright-yellow dust all over;  
The filly, snuffing round you, worse  
Than mad conceives you; she prefers,  
To books of dainty Persian verse,  
Rich buttercups and clover.

On Sunday morn your stick you reach  
And haste to hear bold Matthews‡ preach,  
In way that "shakes your soul," while each  
And every round are sobbing;  
And when at night in bed you lie,  
Old Samuel Johnson's book-case by,  
And looking-glass, in vain you try  
To sleep—the heart still throbbing.

But by-and-by we miss you here,  
No longer over Bedfordshire  
You "potter." Lo, Piscator's bier!  
Friend after friend disperses.  
Your preacher, too! Your heartstrings ache.  
You follow in his coffin's wake.  
We love all anglers for your sake.  
Accept, dear ghost, these verses.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

\* "Achievements of Cavalry." By General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., &c. London: George Bell and Sons.

\* Thackeray, Tennyson, and Carlyle called FitzGerald affectionately "Old Fitz."

† Alderman William Browne, of Bedford, "Piscator," FitzGerald's host and friend. He died from a dreadful accident in 1859.

‡ Rev. T. R. Matthews (died Sept. 4, 1845), a stirring Bedford evangelist.



GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE SKETCH" BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.



## THE STORY OF A DOMINICAN MONASTERY.

If one asks about the history of an old castle, a monastery, a tower, the historians at once commence to talk of the old Romans. This is not sufficient in the case of the Isle of Constance, in the lake of that name.



THE HOUSE SEEN FROM THE LAKE.

This charming island has even known the age of log-huts, has afterwards been for long occupied by the Celts, and, as far back as the third century of our era, it saw the Romans erect a fortress upon a strategic position commanding the passage of the Rhine against the Teutons, who were pressing southwards. And when, later on, they broke in and took possession of the island, a royal castle was raised, under the government of the Merovingians, on the ruins of the destroyed Roman fortress. By degrees, Christianity took its place in the environs of the Lake of Constance. The island, with its royal castle, became the residence of the first Bishop of Constance, and received in the year 780 Charlemagne, who remained there for some time.

For centuries the island was the residence of the Bishops of Constance, until, in 1236, it was presented by Bishop Henry to the Dominican monks for the building of a monastery. Closely connected with it is the famous Great Council of 1414-1418. In the refectory of the monastery the Italians then held their assemblies; the French occupied the Chapter House, the ancient walls of which are now quite concealed by the ubiquitous boughs of ivy and Virginian Creeper. On the east front there is still preserved a so-called little Huss Tower, in which the unhappy preacher of Prague, John Huss, at the time of the Council, was kept in close confinement for eighty-nine days. At the Reformation, in 1528, the Dominicans were compelled to leave the beautiful island. The monastery became, and remained, a hospital until 1549, when the monks were able to return.

In the 'Thirty Years' War the island had to sustain from the lake-side a storm from the Swedish

fleet under General Horn. A cannon-ball which entered the monastery then is still shown in the outer wall of the little Huss Tower.

The eighteenth century brought still more far-reaching changes. The monastery was despoiled, and, without losing its architectural formation, was changed into a factory. In the desire to stem, by the introduction of industry, the retrogression of the town of Constance, the Emperor Joseph II. presented the island in 1785 to Macaire de Lor, the leader of those Genevan emigrants who had left their town on account of political disquietudes. In 1873 the heirs of the last Macaire sold the factory to a company, which changed it into a fashionable hotel.

In the midst of magnificent surroundings of park and water the Insel Hotel stands, more like an old English family seat than a hostel, and in spite of the modernising hand, which shows itself in details, the structure and architectural silhouette betray the mediæval church and monastery buildings, six hundred and sixty years old! Still the same lake washes the old stone walls. The monastery refectory of old is now an elegant restaurant, where the "refection" in no way falls short of that supplied in its monastic days. The former church is a large dining-room, from the walls of which frescoes of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries look down upon the hospitable boards.

However, the most interesting attraction of the place is the Cross-walk—decorated with a series of frescoes illustrating the history of the island—with its little double pillars, its three-light windows surrounded by wild vine and ivy creepers, and the round-arched dado bordering the quiet flower-garden, with its sparkling fountain.

Even the everyday tourist is here willingly transported by the historical reminiscences and dreams. But, however impressively in the midst of these surroundings Father Time may indulge in his homely talk, the monastery is no longer a monastery. Scenes of modern hotel life tear the dreamer out of long-past times, and place him amidst the realities of the nineteenth century.

K. V. ARX.



THE OLD CLOISTER GARDEN.

## THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



## A MIRACLE.

THE VICAR : Your subject, Mr. Dauber, is the miracle of the fishes listening to St. Anthony ; but why are the lobsters red ? Surely they are black before they are boiled ?

DAUBER : Well—er—you—er—I wished to suggest, you see—er—it makes it a greater miracle,





"No, I've never been in the Army; but I've got a sister in the Leggy—I mean, the Ballet."



FIRST BOY : Please, Sir, why did the angels want Jacob's ladder to get to heaven by, when they had wings to fly with ?  
PARSON (*rather puzzled*) : Can any other boy answer this question ?  
SECOND BOY (*eagerly*) : Please, Sir, their wings was moulting !



THINGS I HAVE NOT SEEN: No. 6.—THE NILE.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The proposed memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson is certain to receive a liberal response. He has given too much enjoyment to too many persons to be coldly or meanly commemorated. To give something for a permanent monument—bust, statue, tablet, anything so long as it is simple and artistic—is like making a present to some benefactor of one's own. It is not that Stevenson's memory needs this embodiment; it is our gratitude that claims an outlet. Even among the countless praiseworthy and patriotic pickpocketries of the Jubilee there is not, there cannot be, any lack of answer to the modest appeal.

And yet even at this moment some critics deny Stevenson any considerable place in English literature, and would make him a superior writer of boys' books, a mere romancer of the despised school of Scott, not worthy to be called a great novelist at all—or, if great, great as a provincial tale-teller alone. The title of "provincial" was long ago suggested by Mr. Zangwill in one of his *causeries*; the denial of greatness comes more recently from Mr. George Moore. And, undoubtedly, there is a small but influential section of our literary men in which Stevenson is regarded as something better than Anthony Hope, a little dearer than Stanley Weyman; while the majority as undoubtedly place him not only high, but among the highest, the princes of literature, the few whose names endure.

How are we to reconcile these discrepancies? I think we may explain some of them by remembering the dual nature of literature, and, indeed, of all art. There is the subject, the mental conception, to be expressed in words, or colour, or line, in clay, or marble, or bronze; and there is the technical craft of choosing and combining the words, of blending and shading the tints, of moulding or chiselling the material. What to do and how to do it are the two problems of the artist. Now, when the rapturous admirers of Stevenson's style sometimes overlook any defects of his matter, they do wrong; but greater is the error of those who neglect or ignore his technical excellence, because his subjects and their development are not altogether such as (in the opinion of certain critics) are the highest and most fitting for a modern novelist.

And Stevenson had his evident limitations, his obvious faults. Into the battlefield of Sex, where modern novelists seek their proudest trophies, his excursions were few, and not altogether happy. There was a certain constraint on him when dealing with women, a certain perceptible lifting of spirits when his plot permitted him to fill his stage with men alone. Not for him was the Quest of Golden Girl, nor the Pursuit of the Well-Beloved—

A petticoat in air afloat  
To him was just a petticoat,  
And it was nothing more.

In fact, it was not even so much. An irregular swaying flash of white against the green of trees or the golden-brown of the hillside—that was what Stevenson saw in the daintiest bit of lace that ever dangled from a clothes-line. And this blindness to Sex associations is what makes Stevenson so refreshing after doses of other fiction. For even the saints of the Kailyard must be love-making, and the pages of Mr. Crockett positively glisten, at times, with richness of sentiment.

But Sex is not everything, even in literature of the imaginative sort; nor is the treatment of conventional or unconventional love-making a task absolutely required of every novelist. We rank a man rather by what he did well than by what he could not or would not do. And if Stevenson has given us few women, and them not notable, he has left a gallery of men to be our household friends. He is not merely a teller of adventures and escapes; it is the glimpses and touches of character in men and Nature that come out from the incidents and make them live.

And this brings me to Stevenson's real excellence, that will keep his name alive even more than his characters—I mean his style. A good prose English style, clear, strong, artistic, and individual, is given to few. The possibilities of ambiguity and slovenliness in the English language are so great that he who is distinguished without being either precious or obscure is a marvel indeed. We have had greater writers than Stevenson—hardly anyone who so absolutely and certainly finds the one fit word for his thought. The little tale of "The Merry Men," were all else of his lost, would show all who know the language well that a master had been among us.

Mr. Zangwill and Mr. Moore do not care much for style in others—or themselves. To them, a word is merely a step to be used in getting to a meaning or aim of some sort. The cheapest and most readily accessible word is the best. The wine is all they care for; the cup may be Cellini's gold or cheap crockery, but that matters little. But is it not, in literature, the quality of the style that classifies the book?—is not style the sole real preservative against decay?

It is very natural that the two adverse critics should think literary style of no importance. So did the late Professor Borjesen in America. He was a Norwegian, and never quite got over the foreign manner. Mr. Zangwill is a Semite, and proud of it; but for that reason his thought can never be quite English. Mr. George Moore is of Irish extraction, and his work, novelistic and critical, has a strong pervading flavour of Ireland—or, at least, of Ireland's initial.

MARMITON.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

If you fall asleep over a Jubilee book—and the thing is possible—you must wake up a Rip-Van-Winkle. As you dozed off, all was well and respectable, and everything was progressing in the most satisfactory fashion along the most approved lines. You wake up to turmoil and uncertainty, to complications and clamours, to a world that seems centuries remote from the smug one reported on by surveyors of the past sixty years. I have just been reading Mr. T. H. S. Escott's "Social Transformations of the Victorian Age" (Seeley), an able book, and with an individual note about some of the chapters, too. I do not call it smug, but when I read what it says of the drama, and of social questions, and of artists, it seems like news of a far-off yesterday. There is hardly a suggestion of the force that is trampling over the old traditions, that has already effaced many of them, that is calling up new motives and powers; not a hint that we are, say, since the 'seventies, past the parting of the ways, and are well on a new road, for better or worse. England has certainly not contributed much to the influences which are revolutionising the drama, and pictorial art, and social life, and morality; but she has drunk deeply of the transforming potion. The truth is, it is a very disturbing question, and not all cheerful; it would derange the calm of the survey, perhaps darken the vista, and so Mr. Escott does well only to speak of recent Victorian "progress" vaguely and pleasantly. But, then, the date on the title-page should be Jubilee Month, and not this disturbed year of grace and disgrace, 1897.

The Isle of Man is to the fore in fiction. The latest writer who has made it the scene of a story is Mr. John Quine, whose "Captain of the Parish" (Heinemann) is indeed a notable novel; save for the dramatic sense which teaches a romance writer to treat his chief characters with imposing effect—I admit this is a good deal—worthy to rank with Mr. Hall Caine's. The writer evidently knows the hills and dales of the island and the ins and outs of its folk, as only a native can, and all the secondary scenes are first-rate. Unfortunately, the hero is a poor thing, and the couple of heroines, though Mr. Quine follows them long, and describes them elaborately, are too shadowy to be of much interest. If only the chief subjects were brought up closer to the eye, I should say that the work was all first-rate.

Mr. F. G. Kitton has compiled an interesting bibliography of "The Novels of Charles Dickens," which Mr. Elliot Stock publishes in his "Book Lover's Library." "Bibliography" should here be understood in its widest sense, and not merely as a collection of dry facts, dates, and lists of editions. Each of the chapters is a very readable account of the fortunes of one of the famous novels, and we still read about them with a lively interest. That Dickens is read now cannot be doubted for a moment by such as know anything of the imaginative food of the present generation. But perhaps only reviewers of fiction are aware how much he is still a model, unconsciously, of course, for story-writers, and story-writers of a high order, too. Within the last few months I have come across three novels, all of real ability, that might have been written under his direct influence. The latest is Mr. James Prior's "Ripple and Flood" (Hutchinson), a story of unusual, if also unequal, merit. The hero in his boyhood would be a real Dickens child, if he were only a trifle more genial; and in the scene where the meek murderer crawls in from the rainy night, "with some sort of motion, not a human walk, leaving a slimy trail on the floor like a snail," Mr. Prior shows the same power of haunting horror as Dickens used to exercise. The master who made the "Marchioness," too, would not have disdained the creation of Ivy.

Dr. Conan Doyle returns to Napoleonic days in "Uncle Bernac" (Smith, Elder). He is under the Emperor's spell; but I guess that his study of the subject is recent, and that he has not turned over his knowledge quite often enough in his mind. It has an air of being very brand-new, of being culled from a hasty perusal of a few of the best-known memoirs of the times; and a book built of material gathered like that is, of course, a very temporary erection. Well, if Dr. Doyle does not mind, why should we? "Uncle Bernac" is thin, quite unexciting, and does not contain a single surprise in word or deed; but it is calmly pleasant, and possesses that quality which is generally supposed to bring health to literature—a total lack of intellectual subtlety. It interests enough to rouse a regret that Uncle Bernac, in spite of the title, is not really the hero. How the villain first got into the Imperial service to ply his infamous trade, and how he worked on enthusiasts like Toussac and dreamers like Lesage, and lured them to their doom, would make a good, but a much more complicated, story.

Miss Rhoda Broughton is nearly as lively as ever in "Dear Faustina" (Bentley). She has a very sharp eye for the weaknesses of the time; but not the most ecstatic enthusiast for the present age can owe her a grudge for her satire here. Every cause and every phase of society find quick-witted schemers to exploit them. Faustina early scented the interest in social problems, and to that interest she hung on with every intention of making something out of it. Of course, she did not fail, having plenty of brains and a very thick skin. Her proselytising among aristocratic young women is described in an amusing fashion; she is "dear Faustina," at whose call elegant homes are lightly forsaken; and if the disciples of the better sort find her out, the world is wide, causes are numerous, and her energy unfailing. Faustina exists in real life, just as unattractive outwardly, and as masterful; but it should be said also that she lives very really in Miss Broughton's story, an awful warning to young and trusting enthusiasts of the stuff some apostles are made of.—O. O.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## A TROPICAL IDYLL.

And someone in the study played  
The Wedding March of Mendelssohn.

—COVENTRY PATMORE.

It is an hour after midday and the tropical sun is beaming out relentlessly, although the air is tempered by a refreshing breeze. The flowers in the churchyard begin to look a little fatigued, and the roses, heliotrope, and geraniums, planted by loving hands—now far away—round the graves of those who have died in exile in this distant land, hang their heads and seem to be longing for a shower, or at least for a passing cloud. But the grass is still green on the slope in front of the church, for the dry season has not yet fully set in; the sugar-canes in the field across the road wave their long leaves in the breeze; and the woods bordering the ravine, which stretches away to the sea in the far distance, present a refreshing vista of dark green to the tired eye.

The little congregation of English people comes rustling out of the church, and there is a flutter of light draperies, a mingling of pretty colours, and a ripple of soft voices and gentle laughter. Over all come floating the strains of an organ from the church behind; someone is playing Mendelssohn's "Wedding March."

Then the carriages drive up and the congregation disperses. The first to leave is, of course, the Governor with his family. They occupy two carriages. In the first goes his Excellency, her Ladyship, and their eldest daughter—a grey-eyed, brown-haired English maiden in her first season. The Aide-de-Camp prepares to follow as usual, but the cheery voice of his Excellency rings out, "Debenham, will you come with us, as you are the greatest stranger? Colville, my dear fellow, would you mind taking care of Miss Spencer and the girls?"

And so the newly arrived Private Secretary drives off, seated beside the eldest daughter, while the Aide-de-Camp, who has been with her father as long as she can remember, takes his place in the second carriage beside the two younger children and their governess.

"Why does Mrs. Noble play the 'Wedding March'?" says someone.

"Oh, to-day is the anniversary of her own marriage, I believe, and neither Major Noble nor she has yet arrived at the stage of wishing to forget their wedding-day," is the reply.

And so the joyful strains peal forth while the little congregation melts away, the musician and her husband follow, and the church is shut up and left to the care of the native *gardien* until another Sunday comes round.

Only the Aide-de-Camp is unusually grave during the rest of the day, for a strange foreboding has come over him, and it seems just a little hard that he, who has remained poor and has begun to grow grey in the service of his Excellency, and for love of him and his, should be ousted for a stranger and a new-comer, just because, forsooth, he is heir to a baronetcy and to a fortune.

It is evening in the cold weather, and the short tropical twilight is nearly over, the sun having set on one side of the ravine half an hour ago, while the full moon has risen on the other, throwing black shadows everywhere, turning the waterfall to silver, and lighting up the mist of spray until it resembles a huge web of gossamer with the dew upon it.

A party of young people have been exploring the ravine. They have clambered up beside the cascade, have followed the river's bank to the limit of the Government House grounds, and are now returning by the high-road.

As they round the corner past the church, two of the party linger behind. They are the Governor's eldest daughter and the Private Secretary. The others go on, but presently discover that some are missing, and the Aide-de-Camp returns to look for them. He approaches gently, walking on the grass by the roadside. He calls, but no one answers. From the church comes the sound of music. The amateur organist has been holding a choir practice, and is now playing on in the dark by herself. She plays a low, sweet voluntary, but presently breaks into the "Wedding March."

As the Aide-de-Camp advances he suddenly descries two figures, close beside him, standing under the shadow of a spreading banyan-tree near the church gate. They are the Private Secretary and the eldest daughter, and their backs are towards him. Before he has time to speak, he hears a manly voice say, "That is a good omen, is it not, my darling?" and a sweet, girlish treble replies, "Yes, and I shall love Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March' all my life, because it seems so bound up with you and with my happiness. Do you remember that first Sunday—?" But the Aide-de-Camp had turned on his heel and is out of hearing by this time. He reports that the stragglers "are all right, and coming on. They have only been listening to Mrs. Noble's playing."

The moon continues to shine and the waterfall to sparkle in her rays and to splash musically down into its rocky bed; but to the Aide-de-Camp a black shadow of great darkness seems to have spread itself over everything, and the roll of the falling water and the noise of the breeze among the filio-trees have a mournful moaning sound.

It is noon on a brilliant day in Christmas week, and consequently in the middle of the hot season. Outside, the grass is beginning to look

burnt-up, and the roses and geraniums are too much exhausted from the heat to put forth any more flowers; but the hardy begonia is still in full bloom, and the oleanders have large bunches of pink blossom on the tops of their tall, willowy stems, which wave back and forwards in the breeze and exhale a delicious perfume, like that of bitter almonds. In one corner of the churchyard a large frangipani-tree bears waxy clusters of pale-yellow flowers at the ends of its cactus-like branches, while shining out among the foliage in the Government House grounds opposite is a tall flamboyant tree, which, with its flame-coloured blossoms covering the whole top of the leafless tree, looks like a veritable "burning bush."

Inside, the church has been turned into a bower. Everywhere palms and ferns and sweet-smelling white flowers. The bare, barn-like walls are completely hidden by a mass of greenery, the window-sills are filled with blossoms, and the altar-rails festooned with maidenhair and stephanotis, while the lower half of the east window is a perfect bank of ferns and flowers, above which may be seen the clear blue sky, flecked with white clouds, and the tops of the trees.

All is pleasant bustle and confusion within, for a great wedding is about to take place, and all the beauty and fashion of the island colony have been summoned to do honour to the Governor's daughter.

The ladies are in the brightest and freshest of toilettes, while varied uniforms help to enliven the scene.

Everywhere there is a buzz of subdued, pleasant talk, and of delightful expectation.

The Bishop is at the altar, the bridegroom and his best man near the rails. The bridesmaids await the bride in the porch, and in and out and everywhere among the congregation—arranging everything, showing guests to their seats, talking to everyone, and making himself generally useful and agreeable—flits the Aide-de-Camp. He has been at work since before daylight, and yet does not seem at all fatigued, but has a pleasant smile or a kind word for everyone.

Now the music strikes up, and presently the bride appears, leaning on the arm of her father. The marriage service proceeds, the Bishop joins the young couple's hands, the vows are taken, the ring put on, the hymns sung, and the address delivered. Then comes a moment of silence, while the newly married pair still kneel at the altar-rails, and when one can distinctly hear the clamping of the horses in the carriages waiting outside and the sighing of the breeze in the tops of the filio-trees. Then, as the young couple rise from their knees, there break forth the joyous strains of the "Wedding March."

As they pass down the aisle the bride looks up into the bridegroom's face, and he, stooping over her, murmurs something which only she can hear. The Aide-de-Camp sees the look and guesses the words, and, with renewed energy, he plunges into the business of marshalling the procession and escorting the guests to their carriages; and throughout that long and busy day, no one, seeing his bright, pleasant face and hearing his cheery voice, could guess that for him the sun was darkened and the light of life and hope gone out, and that, to his ears, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" will for ever sound like a funeral dirge.

## A GARDEN OF ROMANCE.

Is the short story still as popular as it used to be? We have heard it questioned, but Mr. Ernest Rhys has no hesitation about the matter. "The old taste for the tale, pure and simple," he says, "has grown anew of late years"; and this taste has prompted him to edit, in a handsome and beautifully printed volume, "The Garden of Romance," which has just been published by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. And an admirable collection it makes, albeit, perhaps, the idea is capable of considerable elaboration, and at least half-a-dozen gardens might be furnished from the fields in which Mr. Rhys has gone a-gleaning. In the present volume there are ten stories, each, in its way, a masterpiece. From the ever-green "Arabian Nights" we get the story of the Lame Young Man; Boccaccio is represented by "Cymon and Iphigenia," and Malory by the story of Balin and Balan. This last is a particularly happy choice, since it was comparatively late in life that Tennyson was attracted by this pathetic story, which, until Mr. Swinburne clothed it in glowing verse, had been strangely neglected by adapters. Of course, we get an interlude from "Don Quixote," and another from "Tristram Shandy," both excellently chosen, and, what is more, void of offence to the most puritanical of maiden-aunts. For winter nights the creepy mystery of Scott's "Tapestried Chamber" adds to the variety of sensations; and America brings tears and smiles mingled in the mountain adventure of Rip-Van-Winkle. Hawthorne, again, is worthily represented. Poe—inevitably—finds himself claimed by "The House of Usher," and a graceful translation by Mrs. Rhys of one of Hans Andersen's less-known tales completes the volume. Here, indeed, is a garden in which "lords and ladies" of all ages may find pleasure and delectation. The idea is so good that one is surprised that it should never have been entertained before; and the book is so well set forth, with a beautiful cover-design in strawberry and gold by Mr. Laurence Housman, that it should prove one of the most popular gift-books of the season. Fine literature in fine guise; what more can a reader ask?

## THE "CO-ENGINEERS."

The "Co-Engineers" is the familiar name used among the officials of the London and North-Western Railway to designate the 2nd Cheshire Royal Engineers (Railway Volunteers), in which the London and North-Western Company has a peculiar interest. The corps was organised on April 1, 1887, and is composed exclusively of employes of the London and North-Western Railway Company, with the exception, of course,

attached to the Royal Engineers, is not detailed for any special point on mobilisation, but is liable to be sent to any part of the kingdom.

At 12.15 p.m. on May 15 the Railway Works "buzzer" summoned the corps together, as shown in the accompanying photograph taken on the occasion. Seven blasts of that peaceful yet peace-disturbing siren warned the warriors, and at 2.30 the Baggage Guard mounted in Crewe Market Square. All kits were loaded up, and the guard marched off to the camping-ground at three o'clock. At 3.30 the battalion, about six



VETERANS' PARADE AT SHREWSBURY.

of the Field Officers and Instructors. The present strength is six companies; in all, six hundred and twenty-three strong, including twenty-three officers. The headquarters and, indeed, sole location of the corps is at Crewe. The uniform is the same as that of the Royal Engineers. Drills are arranged so as not to interfere with the ordinary hours of labour.

The duties of the corps consist of railway work generally. This includes plate-laying, engine-driving, firing and repairing bridge work, water-supply, defence of stations, and also demolitions when required. They learn also to construct platforms for entraining and detraining troops, and signal-work both visual and electrical. Defence of stations includes putting positions of any kind in a state of defence by clearing the line of fire, creating obstacles, providing cover (such as trenches, breastworks, forts, &c.) for defenders, opening up communication throughout, and generally strengthening posts to be defended. Demolition includes destruction of fortresses, guns, railway-bridges, tunnels, permanent way, rolling-stock, and telegraphs. The corps, being

hundred strong, paraded, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Cotton-Jodrell, M.P., and marched off to the camping-ground at 3.45. On arrival there, ammunition and other stores were issued and the whole camp was marked out. There was a full complement of officers with the battalion, among them being Major and Hon. Lieut.-Colonel Kennedy, Major Fullerton, R.E. (Adjutant), Captains Whale, Thompson, Warneford, and Tandy, and the subalterns, with the Quartermaster and doctors. This is the only corps of Engineers composed entirely of railway employes, all branches of the Company's service being included therein. As an additional point of interest, it may be noted that a certain number of the men (at present about 150) enlist for one day in the Royal Engineers, and form part of the Royal Engineers Reserve.

Shrewsbury celebrated the Queen's birthday this year by putting the military and naval veterans on parade—a hundred men, whose services ranged from the China War of 1840 to the Ashanti Campaign of 1874.



THE MOBILISATION OF THE 2ND CHESHIRE ROYAL ENGINEERS (RAILWAY VOLUNTEERS).



## SPORTING LITERATURE OF THE PAST.

## IV.—ANGLING.

Hitherto, in these papers, I have been content with the mention only of the venerable classics of sporting literature, such as Gervase Markham and the "Boke of St. Albans," and have counted those works old enough for our purpose which were contemporary with, or arose out of, the great sporting magazines. But that may not be when the literature of angling is under review, as can be shown in a moment; for by any such plan the "Compleat Angler" should be clean missed, and the literature of angling without "Old Izaak" (to use a hackneyed title, when we are meditating a hackneyed illustration) would indeed be like "Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark left out. The reader is advised at once that this is not a Walton descendant, after the manner of the expert or of the mellifluous Mr. Le Gallienne. But, as we have no choice but to go back to 1653, the year in which Richard Marriott printed and began selling in St. Dunstan's Churchyard the eighteenpenny "Discourse," we may as well widen the retrospect by a glance at some of those who lived and fished and wrote about their fishing before, or alongside of, Izaak Walton.

In his edition of the "Compleat Angler," the Rev. George Washington Bethune, a notable Waltonian, following Pickering, prints a catalogue of the books in the Cathedral Library, Salisbury, formerly belonging to Walton, and among them there is not a single one on angling, not even the "Purple Island" of Phineas Fletcher, with the "Piscatorie Eclogs" hidden therein. That wasn't because he didn't read and appreciate the writings of other fishermen. Think of the honour done to Cotton—Charles Cotton, of Beresford in the Peak, Esq., to give an expert fly-fisher his full title—by his introduction into the "Compleat Angler." Of "The Experienced Angler," Walton wrote that he could never find in other books "that judgment and reason which you have manifested in this (as I may call it) epitome of angling, since my reading of which I cannot look upon some notes of my own gathering but methinks I do *puerilia tractare*." That was a pretty condescension in the Master to Venables, and he did not fail in it even to that humorous person, Thomas Barker, of "Barker's Delight." And he knew "The Secrets of Angling" and misled generations, we know now, by discovering in "J. D.," the author of it, John Davors, instead of John Dennys, to whom later piscatorial scholarship ascribes that greatest of angling poems.

"Piscatorial scholarship" can hold up its head to anybody's sneers when it produces the "Bibliotheca Piscatoria" of T. Westwood and T. Satchell. Their first list appeared in the *Field* in 1861; a supplementary list followed some ten years later. The final and monumental edition, containing I know not how many entries, several of them of newly discovered works, admirably arranged, and commented upon with much "birr and smeddum," appeared in 1883. Since then both editors have died: is anyone continuing their work?

Now, one of the most interesting lists in the "Bibliotheca Piscatoria" is that of the catalogues wherein, with a laborious research, some score of persons laid the foundation of a bibliography which Westwood and Satchell expanded with a research still more laborious. Never mind the foreign catalogues now, but keep to those in English, of which there are, maybe, a dozen. Of these, the first and best for our purpose is Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Ellis's, which he compiled when engaged on the Catalogue of the British Museum, and published in 1811. Ellis's list incidentally introduces us to a book which our sporting fathers swore by in the early years of the century. This was the "Rural Sports" of William Barker Daniel, a student of Christ's College, Cambridge, who took orders, but never had a cure—which, perhaps, was well for all parties, for, unless he is maligned, he was a sportsman first and a clergyman afterwards, to an extent, that shocked even his own not too nice age. Daniel's book appeared in two quarto volumes in 1801, and was dedicated to Joseph Strutt, who was, I suppose, the author of the well-known "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England." Half of the second volume treats of fishing: first of all, of the habits of fish, which he describes as having small sense of taste and hearing, but an extraordinary sight (what says Sir Herbert Maxwell?); next, of the sporting qualities of the counties; and, last, of the art of angling. A new edition, in three octavo volumes, was issued in 1812. Then Daniel, encouraged, no doubt, by that sign of popularity, set about an anecdotal expansion of the original work, which came out in a quarto volume in the following year (1813), dedicated to the Marquis of Blandford. And first among the scraps in the supplement was the catalogue of 1811, for which, apparently, Daniel made no acknowledgment to Sir Henry Ellis.

The Ellis catalogue contains seventy-five distinct works, beginning with the "Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle," which appeared in the 1496 (the second) edition of the "Boke of St. Albans," generally ascribed to Juliana Berners, and ending with an "Angler's Manual," by a Captain Williamson, which was issued from a Liverpool press in 1808. But the "Treatyse" has a rival, we know now, for the honour of being the earliest book on the sport; indeed, it has more than one rival, if we are speaking of the earliest record of angling. There is "La Vieille; ou Les Dernières Amours d'Ovide," translated by Jean Lefevre from the Latin of Richard de Fournival, but sometimes ascribed to Ovid—and Ovid was a fisher, to judge by his "bearded hook baited for the fish." Sixty-eight lines in this poem are headed "Comment Ovide tendait aux Poissons." They were written a hundred and fifty years before the

"Boke of St. Albans" probably, and they mention all the present-day modes of catching fish—the worm and the fly, the leister and the net, legitimate and illegitimate. All save the salmon-roe. Thomas Barker was the first to set that out in cold print. Then the manuscript "Vayne Conseytes of folysehe love undyr colour of fysching and fowling," which Blakey reprinted in his "Historical Sketches of Angling Literature of all Nations," from Hartshorne's "Metrical Tales" (1829), is assigned a date in the early part of the fifteenth century. It, however, is not so practical as "La Vieille," but is rather, as it is described in one of the manuscripts, "a gentlymanly treatyse full convenyent for contemplatiff lovers to read and understand, made by a noble Clerke Piers of Ffulham, sum tyme ussher of Venus schole, which has briefe compyled many pretty conceytes in love under covert terms of ffysshynge and fowling." The printed rival to Juliana Berners is a tract "Dit Boecxken leert hoe men mach voghelen vangen metten handen. Ende hoe men mach vischen vangen met handen," &c., which even the unlearned in the euphonious Flemish will perceive means that this little book teaches how men can take birds by the hand, and how fish. The tract was picked up by Mr. Alfred Denison, who translated it, and had it privately printed in 1872, and he built up a pretty argument for dating it the year 1492. The tract bears on it that it comes from the press of the famous Matthias Van der Goes, of Antwerp; but it has the printer's mark of Godfridus Bach also. Now, as Goes worked his press from 1472 to 1491, and then died, leaving a widow, and as Bach married the widow and carried on the business, it would seem safe to assume that the "little book" was in type in Goes' day, and that 1492 is a likely date for it. But, in any case, it is a narrow thing between it and the "Treatyse" of Juliana Berners.

Who was Juliana Berners? Was she of an old family? Or was the "Dame" prefixed to her name no more than the modern "Mrs."? And was she Prioress of Sopwell Nunnery, or only a nun? Or was she either? And did she write any of the "Boke of St. Albans" which she compiled, or only the hunting rhymes which the sceptical Mr. Blades allows her? Let the piscatorial bibliophiles answer. A more important point is that, as a piece of advice to the angler, the "Treatyse," whosoever wrote it, has the sanction of Mr. R. B. Marston, an authority on the sport and on the literature of it. Anxious as he is to recognise a redeeming quality anywhere possible, Mr. Marston cannot defend the woodcuts. These, as he hints, may have been added by the mysterious Wynkin the Worde, by whom the book was "Emprynted at Westmestre," as a "draw." At any rate, they ought not—though they do it—to reflect upon the letterpress; if the directions in it for making a rod were carried out, Mr. Marston says, an excellent rod would result; the plan recommended for fastening the line to the rod is capital; so is that for fixing the line to the hook, and that for the making of floats. Nay, in mentioning the spear-pointed shoemaker's needle as that from which a hook should be made, Dame Juliana, perhaps, "anticipated by four centuries the bayonet-pointed hooks and gaffs for which we anglers of the present day have to thank that genial angler and angling writer, Dr. John Brunton."

Two books in Ellis's list keep fresh the names of two men, curious, to cast a backward look upon. Thomas Barker was a native of Brace-meol, in the liberty of Salop, "a freeman and a burgesse of the same citie." He spent many days, we may take it, upon the waters of his native Salop, and when he was grown old, and living in Henry the Seventh's Gifts, next door to the Gatehouse in Westminster, he set forth "the experiences that I have been gathering these fifty years" in a little slip of a book, of some 6000 words, not more, "The Art of Angling; wherein are discovered many rare secrets very necessary to be known by all that delight in that recreation." There is your true fisher! The experiences of a lifetime are the wiles (including the fly) of catching fish (including the salmon), and the most approved manner of cooking them! The other man, Richard Franck, is not so lovable, and yet he, because he was a fisher, is possessed of a happy immortality. Franck served in the Parliament's Cavalry during the wars in Scotland, and, indeed, is addressed by his friends—Mr. John Richards and the other two who gave his book a send-off with efforts of their muse—as Captain Richard Franck. He was an Independent, too. For some reason or other, he made a tour of Scotland, reaching even to Sutherlandshire, and he has narrated his adventures, in very high-flown language, in his "Northern Memoirs." Besides the three poems of recommendation referred to, the book contained three dedications: To the Virtuoso of the Rod in London; To the Academicks of Cambridge; and To the Gentlemen Piscatorians of Nottingham. The man, in fact, was a "pompous trifle." But he could land a salmon, and well describe the landing o't, and so his book had the honour of being issued in a new edition, many years later, with notes and a preface by Sir Walter Scott, who signed himself, in John Richards' words, which Mr. Lang likes to keep fresh,—

No Fisher,  
But a Well-wisher  
To the Game.

And here is a curious thing. Salmon-fisher Franck slates Walton—for his fishing, mark, not for the cruelty which Byron affected to find in him and to despise. "Northern Memoirs," however, although written in the middle of the century, was not published until near the end. In the meantime, its author had paid a visit to America, and had written a book entitled "Rabbi Moses; or, A Philosophical Treatise of the Originals and Productions of Things." And Izaak Walton, it would seem, had a copy of this preposterous work in his library.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

*The Sketch* hit the nail with regard to the Derby, for it gave the pictures of the first two winners (before the event) in the correct order. Galtee More was first, winning in 2 min. 44 sec., which was two seconds longer than last year. Velasquez was second.

Royal Ascot Races first took place in the reign of George II., and were founded by that Monarch's son, William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, who was Ranger and Keeper of Windsor Great Park. It was originally intended to allow only the Yeomen prickers, the gentlemen of the Hunt, and the servants who followed the Hunt to compete for the prizes offered, which at that time were, of course, very small; and all had to ride their own horses, if possible, at the weights allotted. The races became so popular that about 1756 they were thrown open to anyone who cared to compete. Although these may be put down as the first regular races

The Whitsuntide Meeting at Manchester is always a big reunion, and the newspaper writers who want to see this fixture cut down are biased in favour of the South, for it cannot be denied that the attendance on each of the four days is a large one, and the sport is first-class. The Cup will this year be run for by a number of good handicap horses, and the battle-royal between North and South will be a close one. I think Keenan will win if he can stay the distance.

Everything promises well for the Sussex fortnight. The course at Goodwood is exceptionally good going at all times, and the fields will this year be large. Then the Brighton meeting, which follows, can be put down as a certain draw, while the wind-up at Lewes will be a good one, as usual. I have noticed of late years that many leading owners and bookmakers patronise the circular tickets, and dine in town each night. The railway service has much improved during the last decade, and the fast specials are now equal to those used on the Northern lines.



VESUVIAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARENCE HAILEY, NEWMARKET.

that ever took place on the Royal Heath, it is recorded that Queen Anne attended races between horses at Ascot. At any rate, they are sufficiently old to be of historic interest.

In the old days, when the Queen and the Prince Consort used to attend Ascot Races in State, there was a proper Royal Enclosure into which the "outsider" could not enter. During the years that the Queen went not there the Enclosure somehow was not wholly given over to royalty and connections, but all sorts of undesirable people found their way into it. A couple of years ago a reform was instituted, mainly at the instigation of the Prince of Wales, and which the Queen approved of. It is, therefore, now reserved exclusively for the royal family and guests, the Corps Diplomatique, Ministers, the Jockey Club, and the members of the Household in Waiting.

I am told the authorities are keeping an eye upon some of the big sums offered for the guessing of winners, and we may hear of action being taken in the matter presently. Thanks to the able pleading of Sir C. Russell in a case some years back, it was decided that skill-competitions were perfectly legal; but, if I am not misinformed, the argument now held by the police is that, when a man fills up forty or fifty sets of coupons dealing with the same races, he is simply guessing at the probable results. It is a ticklish question, and one that may give the lawyers some work in the future.

According to a recent official statement, racing telegrams are to take their turn with private messages. I thought this rule always had been in force. At the same time, so far as the name of the winner is concerned, I should hope the Post Office people would always send this off at once to the Tapes, and thereby stop the chance of any fraud being perpetrated.

Vesuvian, the three-year-old son of Royal Hampton out of Fuse, is the joint property of Sir F. Johnstone and Lord Alington. He is a big colt and looks a good one. As a two-year-old he ran only once, when he was successful in the Dewhurst Plate, beating Berzak, Goletta, Angelos, and Minstrel. The colt was entered in all the big classic events to be decided this year, but he declined the Two Thousand Guineas, as he was not properly wound up. The colt was sent to Newmarket to meet Galtee More in the Newmarket Stakes, but it was decided at the last moment, probably owing to the death of Lord Bateman, a near relative of the Hon. H. Sturt, not to start the horse. Unfortunately, while at Newmarket Vesuvian contracted a chill, and he will, therefore, be an absentee for the Grand Prix de Paris, for which he was thought to have a big chance. The colt is engaged in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, Ascot, also the Thirty-Ninth Biennial, the Rous Memorial Stakes, and the Forty-Fourth Triennial, at the same meeting. His other engagements include the Clarence and Avondale Stakes at Sandown, the Princess of Wales's Stakes at Newmarket, Eclipse Stakes, Sandown, the St. Leger, and the Jockey Club Cup.

## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

Lady Warwick, of whom mention has frequently been made in this column, has been elected president of a new ladies' cycling club which has recently been formed in Birmingham, and of which Miss F. Chamberlain is the honorary secretary.

It is interesting to hear that the Post Office authorities have ordered a thousand bicycles from a Birmingham firm for the use of telegraph-messengers, and the cost of delivering telegrams by cycle is to be reduced to fourpence a mile—one-third the cost of a horse. These Post Office machines are to be painted "Royal Mail red," to match the pillar-boxes. In addition to these, the Government has also ordered another thousand machines for the use of officials.

The well-known New York *Leslie's Weekly* of May 27 contains much interesting information about cycles and cycle manufacturers, and a quantity of photographs of cycling in New York and in foreign parts. We are told, among other items of wheeling news, that the perilous flight of seventy-four steps leading down from the Capitol Building in Washington was negotiated on a bicycle by Mr. William Shields, of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, on April 1 last, a date well suited to so foolish a proceeding.

"Joey" Barker, of Christchurch, New Zealand, is a flyer in the best meaning of the word. He won his first race of importance in 1893, and success chased him all through the following year, when he secured several coveted prizes at Waimate, Temuka, and Oamaru. Since then his career has comprised a series of successes. He has a favourite maxim to which he adheres: "When you're on the track," he says, "go to win, for the prize goes to the winner," and the winner in this case rides a Newhaven racer. Would that all competitors in racing competitions would act up to his maxim!



"JOEY" BARKER.

Photo by Standish and Preece, New Zealand.

Almost every sort of tyre seems to need a different kind of repair when punctured, and the very best of tyres are apt at times to want repairing. The following plan, however, will be found practical in the majority of cases. A hollow-stemmed plug and a heated wire are the only essentials. The puncture-hole must first be burnt out with the wire, and the hole is then ready to be plugged. The wire, still hot or re-heated, is next inserted in the stem of the plug, to which it will adhere. The plug, after lubrication, is forced by the wire into the aperture and pulled back until the head rests against the inner lining of the tyre. In burning out the hole the ends of the threads are removed, and any tendency to porousness is avoided.

A few weeks hence the Jubilee festivities will be over, the London Season at an end, and town emptied of its fashionable throng. The "silly season" having set in, a daily contemporary will need a subject for discussion. Now, we are tired of arguing whether or not marriage is a failure, we have discovered that we do not know what to do with our boys, and the New Woman subject has been threshed out. And so I am told upon good authority that "May married men cycle?" is likely to be the next "burning question." "Cape Argus" decides that a man must not ride a bicycle unless his wife rides one also. The fact is, he cannot do so if he values his happiness and that of his wife. The machine will become the cause of bitterness and strife; it will force their lives asunder. On the other hand, it may be said that the healthy exercise and country air attainable by means of the beatified bicycle will put hubby in a good temper and make wife happy. There is a wide field for discussion.

Now that advertising has become a fine art, I may mention a somewhat novel and picturesque form of the art which a cycling firm has adopted. I am told that a few weeks ago, on a fine Sunday afternoon, a stylishly dressed young lady was seen cycling somewhere in the neighbourhood of Kingston, attended by a diminutive black page in smart uniform, who sprang from his machine in order to assist his mistress to dismount, when it was noticed that around his belt was inscribed in golden letters the legend, "Ride Cleveland Cycles."

The counties of Lincolnshire and Notts are to be congratulated on having so enthusiastic a patron of cycling as Lord St. Vincent, who takes a keen interest in all matters pertaining to the wheel. Last year he presented a handsome cup to the Lincolnshire Road Club to be competed for in a fifty-mile race, and this year he has again offered a valuable prize to the same club.

Next to the ladies' rage for cycling, one of the most noticeable features of the pastime is the way in which comparatively elderly people have taken to the wheel, thus adding a new zest to life. An example of this is a well-known West Herts cyclist, Mr. E. H. Morris, who, although his years are sixty-six, can, and does, put many younger men on their mettle. Frequenting the London main road, Mr. Morris can tell some amusing stories of his encounters with the "puppies on wheels" who



A VETERAN CYCLIST—MR. E. H. MORRIS.

Photo by J. T. Newman, Great Berkhamstead.

are now so common. For instance, as Mr. Morris is pedalling along, one of these puppies, or, perhaps, a dozen of them, will swoop down, and, with a laughingly shouted challenge of "Come on, old cock!" rush past him at a great speed; but, says Mr. Morris, "I keep steadily on, and presently, it may be a mile or five miles further on, I overtake my challenger, either resting at a wayside inn or pushing his machine up some hill which I myself have ridden scores of times, and now," he adds, "the laugh is on the other side." Mr. Morris is a wonderful long-distance stayer, and can ride a hundred and thirty miles off the reel with ease, which, considering his age, is a fine performance.

This is not Ajax defying the lightning, but Major Walter Wingfield defying the laws of gravity. Major Wingfield is the inventor of cycling tennis, and he has lately written a comprehensive treatise, entitled "Bicycle Gymkhanas and Musical Rides," which will be found of great use to persons wishing to organise tournaments on wheels, for it contains



MAJOR WINGFIELD.

Photo by Gabell, Eccleston Street, S.W.

illustrations and diagrams as well as excellent instructions. Major Wingfield, who is a cyclist of forty years' standing, is on the committee of the newly opened Sheen House Club; also he is Vice-President of the new Whitton Park Club, and a director of the Gymkhana Cycle Company. Long may you flourish, Major Wingfield!



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## VANITIES VARIOUSLY.

It has always seemed to me that among many vanities which may subsequently turn into affliction of spirit, this manner of publicly announcing engagements in the daily papers which has become so universal of recent years is chiefest. Scarcely has a man uttered the particular formula which with him constitutes a proposal, than the result of his temerity appears a day or so following in small type in the gossip column set apart and sacred to such incidents as marryings and burials. It may be bearable to be branded with one's betrothal even when all ends in the accepted last-chapter manner, but, as the unmaking of one's mind is a well-developed social symptom in these days, there is not infrequently a very decided sense of the "previousness" of things about engagement announcements. At the moment three acquaintances of mine, who were duly labelled in this manner with their respective Edwins when the proposal preliminaries were accomplished facts, have since separated from their twin souls. That may have been well, but it was decidedly ill having to announce it for the public information afterwards. "Not only am I saddled with a trousseau," quoth one plaintive maid yesterday, "but every acquaintance, even unto the fourth generation, has sent me cheerful notes of condolence, with requests for more information." It really does seem a pity, too, that the trousseau could not be still applied to its original purpose, and I have advised the young woman in question to fill up the vacancy with as little delay as possible. Her going-away dress, that was to have been, is a drab silk crêpe over light-green silk, with embroideries done by hand of green orchids and Louis Quinze knots in silver sequins, which seems altogether too pretty to waste itself on the desert air of a general acquaintance.

White over very bright pink always makes an uncommonly good effect, to adopt the subject of frocks; and at one of the several dances which took place on Tuesday, though I really cannot remember which, there was an unusually bewitching arrangement in white mousseline-de-soie over cherry-colour taffetas, which seemed the prettiest young-girl gown among hundreds that evening. A garland of roses, beautifully embroidered in silver, with foliage and buds, set the apron off to great advantage. A ruching of the mousseline ran round end of skirt, and one of those becoming arrangements in drapery known as "crossed bodices" had a silver trimming to match that of skirt, and a posy of deep-pink roses at the belt and left shoulder. A new and quaint idea was put into practice by a strip of black velvet joining the sides of corsage, in which a diamond ornament showed conspicuously, all the more as this band was placed well above the *décolletage*, evidencing the white neck above and below.

Foulard is such an essentially feminine material, with its soft curves and folds and inevitable lace accessories, that I am rejoiced to see it safely established as a Season favourite among less-deserving materials. My illustration, as a case in point, denotes lettuce-green foulard with a design in white, made up into a skirt which proudly carries three rows of ribbon to match, sewn on in undulated rows. A dainty lace yoke over pink silk, which is continued with square epaulettes and edged with ruchings of the taffetas, is excessively successful—to be somewhat rapturous, but not undeservedly. A fussy and much-fussed collar of silk ribbon and lace gives the necessary Toby touch, without which all neck-gear is, at the moment, *impayable*, and, as an eminently becoming finish to the somewhat plain sleeves, cuffs cut into a point and supported plenteously with lace and ribbon at the edges complete a really pretty and eminently cool and summer-like gown.

Wagner's posthumous vogue is one of the things to be glad of, but not the less to wonder at, in town as each Season advances. When I mention that an audience principally composed of that section of the "human various" which usually begins its *hors d'œuvres* at eight o' the clock actually assembled on Monday last about the abnormal hour of seven-thirty, quite agog to hear "Die Meistersinger," nearly all has

been said; but not quite, for murmurs faint yet ardent escaped when "Mons. Jean" cried off, through indisposition, and "Tannhäuser" was put forward instead. Of course, Madame Eames, as Elisabeth, was quite picturesque, but cold as Spitzbergen withal—a sort of Galatea without her awakened pulses, within which the charm lies, after all. Meanwhile, the house presented—to use one's best and quite unstereotyped English!—a *coup d'œil* not soon to be forgotten by those—, and so on. I need not make the round of box-holders. All were present in the diamonds and *décolletage* which make the old house gay on gala nights; but one of the numerous new Americans who are to be met with in society this Season had a particularly pretty gown, worn with all the art of her compatriots, whose spotless complexions and unexpected modes of speech have so firmly established them in conservative European esteem, not to mention the mere matter of vulgar fractions which usually

attaches besides. This frock, which, as to the skirt, was composed of a sun-pleat of delicate ivory chiffon over white glacé silk, had a cobwebby bodice arrangement, eminently becoming, which consisted of a blouse-shaped combination of pleated chiffon and lace over silk. A vest embroidered with pearl beads and silver paillettes in the Louis Quinze manner was most skilfully introduced; and, as a last touch of *chic*, there was a girdle of bright pink Banksia roses—not that Banksias ever blush that colour in nature, but no matter—and these fell in a double garland from the waist with a quite impossible-to-describe fascination. If there was a solecism, it was in the small diamond crown with which this quite young woman outraged her genuinely golden locks. Jewels am I not averse to; very much otherwise, being a mere woman, and therefore disposed to gauds. But a coronet of diamonds on inchoate, unpedigreed Chicago eighteen summers I am inclined to shy at, sparkle they never so bravely. There ought to be a sumptuary law anent jewellery, even in democratic nowadays. I am persuaded some women can wear it so beautifully, others only boldly. These latter should be suppressed, as only rendering injustice to their possessions.

Meanwhile, leaving the subject of baubles for the approximately precious one of babies, I am persuaded that proud parents should absolutely possess themselves of a Heywood carriage this season as an accompanying attraction to their infants. These delightful little vehicles, unique and distinct from all other forms of juvenile conveyance, are made principally of woven reed and cane, which secure lightness and durability at once, while the upholstery, usually carried out in smart silk damask of many or any shades, is the very acme of daintiness, with tufts, cords, and tassels *ad lib.* Vice the usual leather hood, which is of course useful in wet weather, when baby is seldom abroad, the Heywood carriages are flanked with attachable parasols, made in silk or sateen, according to price;

and these, covered with point-d'esprit net and flounced with silk and lace, make the sweetest possible awning for the sweetest possible occupant. The one illustrated is but one of the hundred miraculously pretty shapes which are on view at Vigor's, of 21, Baker Street, who are the sole agents for these picturesque and eminently practical Heywood cars, each one of which is mounted on rubber-tired steel wheels, fitted with patent brake and all possible up-to-date accessories. No household which includes a baby among its ornamental impedimenta should, in fact, be without one.

If the Little Corporal—peace to his turbulent memory!—were alive to-day, he might never have uttered that historical aspersion which has hall-marked this shopkeeping nation ever since, for the venue has changed since then, and the cap-in-hand tradesman of three or four generations gone may now be found in the country seats of the mighty, while the youngest son of fifty quarterings disdains not to sell tea, wine, coal, or even to write weekly columns for his living! The artistic spirit has got into our trading, too, as he who runs may read by the posters on the wall, while the very centres of trading are in the act of evolution as well. I was taken through a City warehouse where perfumes are manufactured, quite lately, for instance,



LETTUCE-GREEN FOULARD WITH A DESIGN IN WHITE.



and the façade of the new building would not have disgraced a Venetian canal, while the interior was "done" throughout with green oak and pierced copper mountings. Perhaps the handsomest shop in West End London is that just opened by the Parisian Diamond Company at 143, Regent Street, where a trellised ceiling finely painted in Conradi's best manner, counters of real ebony hand-carven, a complete surround of



THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE BABY-CARRIAGE.

"looking-glass," which likens it to the Arab's Hall of Mirrors, and bronze goddesses in symmetrical "altogether" bearing the captive electric-light, produce collectively an effect that enhances our natural joy in shopping to something quite away from its ordinary cheerful level. Added to all this, original and fascinating designs are being constantly composed by the artist jewel-workers retained on this enterprising company's staff, which absolutely often exceed in merit the work done by many of the first jewellers whose traffic is confined to genuine gems. One corsage-ornament struck me as a very fine example of the delicacy with which the Parisian Diamond Company's stones are set. But dozens of other more exclusively beautiful arrangements are to be seen at the several centres in Burlington

Arcade, Bond Street, or the Regent Street bijou shop aforesaid. Quite small crowns of diamonds, tipped with oval pearls or rubies and emeralds *en cabochon*, are the last and most becoming form of the fashionable tiara, and these, set with infinite art and skill, might defy the hundred eyes of Argus himself to question the sincerity of their brilliance and glitter. Upright band-collars of various jewels are also signals of coming fashionable methods, and one forming a trellis-work of Orient pearls and diamonds was immeasurably the smartest form of these ornaments I have so far seen. Combs for the very elaborated up-to-date evening coiffure wax popular apace, and in every device and form of setting, from the simple and severe to most extremely elaborate, these ornaments are plentifully displayed. Coils of glistening Orient pearls, whose popularity is securely established in every well-dressed household, are temptingly displayed on their beds of satin and velvet; while one particularly graceful style, suitable for *débutante* or dowager alike, is a short rope of pearls with pear-shaped ends, fastened at the throat with a clasp of turquoise and brilliants fashioned after an old Etruscan model.

A smart hat is, I always think, the crux of smart dressing, and will somehow even redeem a so-so toilette, if accompanied with unimpeachable gloves and bottines, while not the most highly finished frock will pass muster if crowned with a chapeau that has survived the first bloom of its youth. Therefore, the moral of headgear, I generally hold, lies not in the purchase of highly priced articles, but rather on the little-and-often principle, which applies more than all to the quickly changing episodes of fashion in hats. To find a milliner who will be sufficiently piquant without being impossibly expensive, too, is also a difficulty. I find, however, that amongst many, Madame d'Esterre, of 41, Old Bond Street, is unusually successful in combining both. Her hats, always *chic*, are never ruinous, and one of the prettiest toques I have alighted on so far this season was of her creation. Somewhat in the Walkyrie cap shape, it was made of black spangled tulle, ornamented with a pair of brilliant jet wings and a pearl crescent in the centre, while on the left side a white brush aigrette and chiffonnée of tulle spangled with jet stood erect. There were dozens of others, all between 21s. and 35s., which I have not space to describe, each put together with the skill that only a milliner to the manner born ever truly achieves.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EMPRESS.—(1) I cannot give you the information about driving competition, but if you will apply to the Secretary of Hurlingham Club, that gentleman will give you dates and other particulars. (2) Yes, a tailor-made, decidedly. (3) If you have got the original Chippendale receipt, it would be easy to value the set of chairs. I cannot advise you better than to consult one of the principals at Old English Furnishing Company, St. Martin's Lane, W.C. All three are experts, and, if you can match the chairs and corner-cupboard anywhere, it will be there. Genuine antiques at very low prices are really to be had at this place. (4) Black is dowdy, except it is excessively well made, so, if you are vowed to that colour, I should go to a first-rate woman. When well made, nothing is so smart as black. (5) White shades and white flowers, unrelieved by silver or foliage, is apt to look spectral. I should advise you to have both one and the other; it would still be a white table.

DIFFICILE (Mayfair).—(1) Impossible to lay down hard-and-fast rules on the subject you mention. At one house it may be the rule to offer cigarettes after luncheon and dinner; at another the custom may be considered as much out of court as eating peas with a knife. You must exercise your own judgment. (2) As to your criticism of our London hairdressers, I am at issue with you quite. There was a time when the Paris cook and the Paris coiffeur had it all their own way; and with reason. *Mais nous avons changé*—you know the rest. When you are established with your people in Pont Street next week, just send across or go to Mr. Curette, in Brompton Road, which is close by, and, if he does not convert you to our native talent, I shall never recommend a hairdresser to inquiring correspondents again. (3) Miss Sarah Fawcett will paint your table-centre and doyleys to a miracle. She is a specialist, and paints on gauze, silk,

and satin better than anyone I know. Her address is 1, Worcester Street, St. George's Square, S.W.

DRINA (Dublin).—Your letter was most opportune, for I have got the very thing you want to obviate the unpicturesque and untidy waist. It is called the "Dorothy" blouse and skirt attachment, a title which explains itself in theory, while in practice obviating entirely that awkward gap between waist-belt and skirt which some girls never successfully surmount. To make any skirt or blouse tight-fitting and eminently tidy at the waist, you have merely to substitute a "Dorothy" for the usual casing, sewing it on outside blouse about half an inch above waist-line. *Voilà tout!* and the transformation from a slovenly to a slim and charmingly neat *ensemble* is completed. A line to the head-centre of this timely innovation at 173, Bruntsfield Place, Edinburgh, will ensure you further information. But all that is really needed is to ask any good draper for the "Dorothy" attachment. Anything so ultimately indispensable is sure of a speedy popularity.

ECONOMICAL (Stirling).—Certainly, your piece of lavender silk will come out quite smartly if well made up. Take it to Miss Collins, 52, Charlotte Street, Portland Place; she is so clever in arranging the best effect with the least expenditure, and her fit is perfect. Crossed V's of black lace insertion over white satin would smarten the skirt, and on your bodice, which should be pouched, repeat this trimming in miniature. Frills of black pleated chiffon over white trim the yoke. The neck- and waist-bands ought to be in a contrasting colour. Either with pale green or coral pink, with frills of both chiffons at waist and collar, you will have an exceedingly handsome frock out of your ancient roll of lavender taffetas. History repeats itself in fashion and passion alike, you know.

SYBIL.

#### THE THEATRES.

Curious contrast was effected at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in a programme containing the grimly realistic "A Story of Waterloo" and the pleasant fairydom comedy "Pygmalion and Galatea," and I think Mr. Gilbert's work suffered somewhat from following Dr. Conan Doyle's, which forced it to seem almost painfully artificial. About the ingenuity of the soldier piece, and the great technical skill of Sir Henry's acting—though at times he seems to vary the plane of senility—there can hardly be dispute, but one asks whether it is not too cruel to give such ugly pictures of old age. No doubt there is the pathetic note, and the patriotic too may be found in the performance; yet, owing in no small measure to the long pauses, the recollection which one carries away is of the toothless old wreck, afraid of the horrible flies. Miss Brenda Gibson acted very prettily in the play.

Of course, I felt curious to see the Galatea of Miss Esmé Beringer—the young lady's record explains the feeling. I am glad to be able to say that the curiosity was well rewarded. Her Galatea was a remarkably beautiful performance, most noteworthy, perhaps, for ease and restraint. There was plenty of power in her work, but held in most firmly. The result was a somewhat strange suggestion of the half-unearthly creature, and this was heightened by the grace of her gestures and movement. As a rule, the beauty discoverable in her photographs does not come out well on the stage. This time some change in make-up enabled her to give full value to her person, and she really made a lovely creature as the animated statue. By-the-bye, it was very pleasant to notice the scrupulous accuracy of her pronunciation of our tongue, seeing that, as a rule, one has to deal with slurred speech or actual distortion. Mrs. Clement Scott's elocution escaped the faults I have mentioned, and her Cynisea was a clever, earnest piece of unforced acting. One is accustomed to think of Pygmalion as a poetic person, but I fancy that Mr. Frank Cooper was probably correct in giving rather a bluff common turn to him. Mr. John Le Hay acted very cleverly and curiously as Chrysos, giving quite a fantastic individuality to the old humbug; yet the outcome seemed to be laughter less hearty than I have heard after a more clowning performance of the part.

#### "THE MISTRESS OF THE RANCH."

An old theme of the sensational story-teller, the loss of memory from injury to the brain, has been used with excellent effect in an American novel recently published by Messrs. Sampson Low, "The Mistress of the Ranch," by Mr. F. T. Clark. A Colorado story, the scenes are laid in a lovely and perilous place, frequent landslides paying for the unusual beauty and fertility. A landslide that wrecks the brain of the good heroine; a wicked sister who is vaguely plotting the whole book through the kidnapping, even the murder, of the imbecile; and a dying doctor, with occult powers and great professional skill, who reads the guilt in the heart of the one, and mends the flaw in the brain of the other, seem like the contents of a book that means to depend solely on sensation for its interest. On the contrary, the melodramatic events are of quite secondary importance. The inner history of Phæbe Ellen's mind, as she harbours and dislodges and dallies with the murderous thoughts, is admirably described; and the minor characters of the humorous sort are as good as any that America has sent over to amuse us these last few years. Miss Wilkins might have created Phæbe Ellen; but I doubt if she would have produced one effect which is so doubtfully creditable to Mr. Clark and to the reader, namely, that, up to the loco poisoning affair, a sneaking affection for the energetic woman, so often foiled, and with some soft emotions in her heart, is almost inevitable.

#### POE TO COE.

"Prophet," said I, "solve the mystery. Shall I put a bit on History? I have sometimes won (and sometimes lost) on your advice before. Tell me, should I put a meagre trifle on St. Cloud or Eager, You whom Anti-Betting Leaguer doesn't very much adore? Is there any chance for Oakdene? Tell me, tell me, I implore!"  
Quoth the Prophet, "*Galtee More!*"



## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on June 25.*

## JUBILEE PRICES.

The Jubilee year bids fair to be remarkable not only for the extraordinary pageants and concourse of people that will undoubtedly distinguish it, but also for an appreciation in the Market values of stocks that will put them, taken in the aggregate, at record figures. This, of course, is strictly in accordance with the fitness of things; but at this time, when the appreciation may be judged to be nearing its maximum, it will be perhaps as well to take a glance backwards, so as to realise with more certainty exactly "where we are." After the Jubilee is over, it would not be at all surprising if there were a smart reaction in prices, if for no other cause than the mere lassitude and exhaustion that must necessarily follow such an extraordinary spasm of national enthusiasm.

## THE BELL-WETHER OF HOME RAILS.

Home Railway securities, as a rule, show a remarkable appreciation as compared with the prices ruling at the beginning of the year, and one of the most prominent of the advances, if not actually the greatest in amount, is that exhibited by Great Easterns. The present quotation of this stock, as compared with the figure of Jan. 1 last, shows a gain of 12 points, a record quotation having been reached in the interval. There can be little doubt that the speculation in Great Easterns—which have of late become the bell-wether of this market—has been carried to a somewhat unreasonable extent, notwithstanding the undoubted improvement which has taken place in the financial condition of the company, and there is good reason to suppose that this stock will be one of the first to feel the effects of the reaction after the Jubilee is over and done with.

## OTHER BIG GAINS IN BRITISH RAILWAYS.

Among other extraordinary advances in the Home Railway Market may be noted one of over 12 points in Metropolitan Consols, about 10 points in Midlands—this being partly attributable to the stock-splitting scheme—of 10 in Dover "A," and of nearly 12 points in South-Western Ordinary. All these stocks may now be regarded as quite high enough, in spite of the excellent traffic-receipts, and the possibility of a sharp fall renders it rather undesirable to purchase at present figures. More reasonable is an improvement of 10 points in Great Northern Deferred, a stock whose intrinsic merits and prospects would appear to warrant an even greater appreciation, while Chatham Ordinary, which have only improved to the extent of about 3 points, and are scarcely higher than a year ago, are also worth attention. Of the few declines exhibited in the period the most notable are those in Scottish stocks, Caledonian Deferred having dropped nearly 7 points, and North British Deferred about 6; the latter, indeed, may be regarded, taking prospects into consideration, as one of the few cheap stocks in this generally inflated market.

## DISTURBED FOREIGNERS.

Foreign stocks, and especially the sensitive group known as "Internationals," have been subjected to a good many "alarms and excursions" during the year, which have caused sharp fluctuations in prices. We need hardly mention the Græco-Turkish War, the strained relations between this country and the Transvaal, and the friction between Spain and the United States, as reasons for the excitement shown in this market. Of late, the improved prospects of peace in the East and the better feeling between our Colonial Office and the Transvaal have had a stimulating effect upon values; but, as compared with the beginning of the year, prices are still, as a rule, at a lower level. One of the exceptions is Italian Rentes, which show a small gain, and, in view of the improved financial outlook in the country, are not unlikely to move up still further, providing that no fresh clouds arise upon the political horizon. Greek bonds are lower, notwithstanding a rather sharp recovery during the last week or so, and, in our opinion, ought to go lower still, for, although it is announced that the next coupon will be met, it is difficult to see where the money for future coupons is to come from, with a big war indemnity and heavy military expenses to be provided for. Spanish Fours are another security showing a slight advance, although the financial condition of the country is going from bad to worse; while Portugal, whose external loan only exhibits a decline of 2 points since January, is in a condition of almost hopeless embarrassment. Among South American issues, both the leading Argentine loans have improved during the past five months, though not to any great extent, and the ability of the country to maintain the full service of its debt is with some reason rather doubted in Throgmorton Street. Brazilians and Uruguays are both several points lower, the financial embarrassments of the former country and the constant weakening of its exchange, and the political and agricultural troubles of the other, sufficiently accounting for the fall, and neither class of security can be regarded as a hopeful purchase at the present time.

## THE MONEY MARKET.

The Money Market speedily showed signs of ease with the entry of 1897. The Bank Rate was reduced to 3½ per cent. on Jan. 21, and a fortnight later to 3 per cent. The market was a little tighter later, owing to the revenue collections; but on April 8 the rate was down to 2½ per cent., and only the political situation prevented the reduction to 2 per cent., which was not attained until May 13. In spite of the drain on behalf of Japan, Russia, and Austria, and of various Colonial and other loans of some magnitude, the position has gradually tended towards

one of extreme ease. This is reflected by the buoyant tendency of all gilt-edged securities. Consols having during May touched the highest figure on record.

## UNDECIDED AMERICANS.

The American Market during the greater portion of the half-year has been in its usual semi-stagnant condition. Money was remarkably cheap at New York, but the country had not recovered sufficiently from the commercial depression to cause any activity in the Stock Markets. Hanging over Wall Street, too, was the fear of complications in the Cuban Question and the dread of tariff measures that would tend to cripple American trade. The European investor had shaken the dust off his feet against American Rails, and there was little or no disposition on the other side to afford support. Traffic decreases were another depressing influence, and, generally speaking, the "bears" have had a very profitable innings. Some little confidence in the future was shown by the steady purchasing of the best bonds, and this was the only benefit derived from the glut of money. Towards the end of February the political situation in the East of Europe also tended to depress the Market. A spurt in Vanderbilt stocks a little later, due entirely to inside support, was the only redeeming feature; but, so far as the public were concerned, no one cared to back his opinion that better times were in store for the latter half of the year. When matters were in this stagnant condition, the famous Anti-Trust decision came as a blow to markets. Fortunately, the legal advisers took a fairly hopeful view of the situation, and it became apparent very soon that wholesale rate-cutting was not likely to be the outcome. The rally was not, however, very long-lived. The outbreak of the Græco-Turkish War greatly alarmed Wall Street, but London made an opportune appearance as a buyer and saved the situation. A further spell of lifeless markets resulted, to be followed in May by the development of buying among the more prominent securities. The gold shipments led to some uneasiness, but this outflow of the metal is, of course, the usual feature in the first half of the year. Indeed, the statistical position, so far as gold was concerned, was so very satisfactory that the mild alarm was a little foolish. It is only within the past few weeks, however, that decided indications of a rift in the clouds have been noticeable. One of the first signs of revival of trade has been a slight improvement in railway traffic-receipts. A second feature is the gradual conversion of the experts in trade matters to the view that an industrial revival is setting in. A third is the fairly satisfactory crop position, which, as the present year's world's yield promises to reveal a shortage, will mean a pronounced flow of gold to the American side. The Tariff Bill is still a bugbear; but should it be speedily settled one way or the other, the manufacturers will be able to settle down to steady work. Mr. McKinley has shown himself sound in the matter of foreign politics, and the recent utterances of Secretary Gage prove that the "sound money" platform is not likely to be neglected. On the whole, therefore, opinion is gradually inclining to the view that the usual autumn "boom" in Yankee Rails will be anticipated, and the events of the past few weeks have certainly tended to show that this view of the situation is the correct one.

## CANADIAN RAILS.

Canadian Pacifics and Grand Trunk issues will naturally derive strength from an improved position in Americans. But, apart from this, both roads have materially strengthened their position during the half-year. While the reported sale of the Duluth South Shore and Atlantic branch gave an impetus to Canadian Pacifics last month, it is rather on the steady improvement in the traffic receipts that hopes have been based. The road is profiting largely by the gold rush in the North-West, and the new tariff arrangements and the negotiations with the Great Northern have added to the good impression created at the company's meeting in April. As regards the Grand Trunk, the hopes of good traffic returns were not realised, and the gross receipts have all along been a depressing influence. Such, however, has been the remarkable decrease in expenses, that the company has attained a moderately satisfactory financial position, and the sentiment in regard to Trunk issues has materially altered for the better.

## COMMERCIAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The remarkable advance that Industrial securities have made in public favour, both for the purposes of speculation and investment, has naturally led to a general appreciation in values, which has been materially assisted by the favourable trade outlook, and in a host of cases by anticipations of a substantial windfall as a result of the Jubilee celebrations. More remarkable, however, than the market movements in old favourites has been the large number of additions to the joint-stock roll in this department. During the past five months about a hundred and seventy new companies of this description have been placed before the public, with share and debenture capitals amounting in the aggregate to close upon forty millions sterling. In addition to this enormous sum, existing concerns have taken full advantage of the cheapness of money and the popular taste for commercial holdings to dispose of further shares and debentures, and prospectuses that have enjoyed private circulation only must account for a considerable addition to the total. Gigantic flotations, such as Schweppe's and Apollinaris, are quite fresh, doubtless, in the recollection of our readers, and the heavy increase in the amount of money invested in breweries and hotels has been too conspicuous a feature to need more than passing mention. The cycle industry, after enjoying a considerable measure of support, has quieted down for the time, and the inevitable reaction has brought prices, as a rule, to a level at which very few of the



rash speculators who rushed to buy everything connected with the cycle trade can see even a prospect of a profit. Turning to the most prominent Miscellaneous shares of older growth, we find one of the most significant movements has been a spurt of nearly 8 points in City of London Electric Supply—a rise in which numerous other kindred securities have joined, and one that is undoubtedly justified by the improved position, and the still better outlook opening up before the members of this important group. Gas and Water descriptions have advanced owing to the investment demand. Allsopps are 7 lower than at the close of last year, for not only was the dividend below anticipations, but the assistance rendered by the revival of the half-forgotten myth that an amalgamation with Bass was pending was of extremely short duration. American Breweries again show a drooping tendency in company with other Yankee Industrials. Linotype Deferred has spurted from a shade over 7 to 9, and still stands high in the public favour, while Telephones have been adversely affected by a renewal of the movement in favour of municipal systems in the large centres. Acetated Bricks, Spicers and Ponds, shares in drapery, hotel, theatre, tramway, and omnibus companies, and many others that cater more especially for the necessities and luxuries of the crowd, illustrate the impetus to business that the impending rejoicings are expected to afford, and in practically every section the trend of prices has been upward.

#### FOREIGN RAILS.

The course of Foreign Railway securities has been marked by a considerable amount of irregularity. This tendency has been very prominent in the case of Argentines, where some curious fluctuations have taken place. Buenos Ayres and Pacific Preferred, for instance, has jumped from 110 to 118, while Reservas are down from 74½ to 64½, Buenos Ayres Western from 124 to 114, and Centrales from 87 to 74. The explanation lies, of course, in the varying circumstances prevailing in different parts of the Republic. The devastation wrought by locusts and floods in some districts has affected the railway prospects very materially, and a question that has arisen concerning the right of the Provincial Governments to tax companies within their territories, despite the exemption of the central authority, has introduced further complication. Uruguay securities have suffered in company with the Government bonds, and Mexican Rails, despite a dividend on the First Preferred at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum, comparing with only ½ per cent., are lower than they were at the commencement of the year, for, although the traffic continues to be remarkably satisfactory, the fall in silver will inevitably counterbalance a considerable amount of the present gains. The Ordinary has lost 3½, the First Preferred 4½, and the Second 4. Mexican National "A" has been the pick of the basket in this section, for this security, which in the opening days of January was in the neighbourhood of 47, has climbed steadily to over 60. The company has been in a satisfactory position for some time past, and its recent earnings have shown heavy gains. Nitrate Rails have taken another step in the march from bad to worse, and have dwindled from 53 to 43. Indian descriptions showed a partial recovery in the early part of the year, after the heavy drop caused by apprehensions as to the effects of famine and plague, but the upward movement has not of late assumed anything like sensational proportions. Great Indian Peninsula has been one of the best features, having advanced from 171½ to 177.

#### AN AFRICAN RETROSPECT.

A year ago the African Market was believed to be steadily recovering from the depression—culminating with the Jameson raid—which had so severely affected it in the latter part of 1895. Prices picked up considerably in course of the spring, and so hopeful became the spirit of the Market that an "autumn boom" was confidently expected, it being assumed that the leading influences would await the end of the holiday season before imparting the necessary stimulus. To the surprise and consternation of the speculative crowd, however, it was found that the autumn brought a still more severe slump than had before been experienced. Conditions, which have since been revealed—the friction between the Colonial Office and the Transvaal Government concerning hypotheses of the London Convention of 1884, and the resolution of the mining magnates to secure such relief of burdens on the mining industry as would allow work to be conducted at a reduced cost—explain in a large measure the heavy selling on the part of those "in the know"; but the position was complicated by an extensive unloading, for special reasons, of Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, a share which had become, in a pronounced degree, the barometer of the speculative tendency.

#### THE SELLING OF GOLDFIELDS.

This selling was induced by the fact—not generally understood—that in securing the profits enabling it to pay handsome dividends during booming times, the company had disposed of all its holdings that were saleable at good prices, its remaining interests being such as stood at low values, either from the effects of excessive capitalisation or from the further development needing an enormous outlay which the company was not in an immediate position to provide.

#### HAST RAINS AND "CHATTERED."

Hast Rains Proprietary, another concern of leading importance, also became severely depressed on the discovery that the company was badly in want of more money; and the unsettled condition of Rhodesia, consequent on the native rising, together with the resolution of the Government to inquire into the general administration and status of the

British South Africa Company, tended to reduce "Chartered" to a low level of value and to destroy business in the shares of Rhodesian enterprises. These adverse influences reacted on all African shares, and for several months the market was in a very forlorn state.

#### CATCHING THE "BEARS."

At length "bear" selling, especially of Consolidated Goldfields, was carried to excess, and a moderate buying and some manipulation—attributable to what is generally known as "the German crowd"—have had the effect of producing a "squeeze," under the influence of which the market has considerably rallied, and continues in a firm condition, though a renewal of buying on a considerable scale can hardly be expected unless and until the Transvaal Government has granted to the industry those concessions for which a forcible case has been made out before the Commissioners now sitting at Johannesburg.

#### WESTRALIANS.

The market in Westralian mines has had a languid tone during the greater part of the year, but latterly some stimulus has been imparted by the discovery of telluride of gold in sundry properties, and a sensational development of the Kalgurli Mine has imparted vigour to the shares not only of that concern, but to those of its various neighbours. Quite recently business in this department has become fairly active. New Zealand shares have been very disappointing, the progress of mining work in the colony having produced few important results; but in Indians there has been a firm and gradually improving position throughout, owing to the excellent performances of the Mysore and Champion Reef mines, and the progressive tendency of the Nundydroog and the Coronamdel.

#### THE COST OF VENGEANCE.

There is small wonder that liquidators, receivers, and such-like representatives of creditors and shareholders, are very disinclined to take criminal, and even civil proceedings, against directors or managers of swindling companies when we see the bill which Mr. Wheeler has had to pay for sending James Buller and his associates to expiate their misdeeds in her Majesty's convict establishments. The prosecutions cost £14,036, to which extent the creditors will go short in the distribution of dividends on their respective claims. No doubt in this particular case the amount distributed over the immense liabilities is a comparatively small percentage, while the result was fairly satisfactory; but in many liquidations, even a tenth part of the sum expended in the Liberator case means a considerable difference to unsecured creditors, who may well pause before they authorise such expenditure. We wonder what the abortive Broad Union prosecution cost, or how much the creditors of the Colonial Finance or the Kingston Cotton Mills wasted in unremunerative civil proceedings.

#### WHAT WE HEAR.

The directors of J. and P. Coats are said to be about to offer the shareholders a splitting scheme.

We congratulate Mr. Henry Mass on his successful prosecution of the swindler Will Kennedy. If there were more people like Mr. Mass, there would soon be less scoundrels left to prey on the public.

The directors of the Rhinault Mine object to our statement made a fortnight ago that we told the truth about the property eight months before they took the shareholders into their confidence. From circulars which they have sent us, it seems that they informed the proprietors that all was not as it should have been in November last, and they gave the exact facts in January. We had no intention of suggesting that anything was kept back, and, as a fact, our correspondent's letter was published two months before the directors themselves had any suspicions of the state of affairs.

Thursday, June 3, 1897.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Grosvenor House, Strand Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

T. M. A.—You had better communicate with the City Police (Detective Department) in Old Bailey, E.C. We think you have been swindled of your money, but people who go into "option pools" deserve their fate.

F. S. T.—We wrote you on June 11.

D. D. W.—We have a poor opinion of the Taff Consessions, and are not inclined to advise any African Land Company. Write to Mr. Henry Mass, of the African Office, 156, Fleet Street, E.C., who has special opportunities of knowing about such concerns as you require.

R. J. G.—We posted the papers you required on the 1st inst.

H. S.—With the same security (that is, the same risk) you cannot get 55 per cent. over 44, but things like City of Auckland Stock Exch. 1900 bonds or City of Wellington Waterworks bonds would suit you.

S. W.—We are unable to furnish any definite reason for the fall, except that there are a number of sellers about. There are rumours of competition, but nobody appears able to say more.

H. B.—Thank you for the note re the splitting of Coats' shares, but a paragraph of our own about it was crowded out last week, and it is a bit too late now to say.

W. N. T.—We have returned your papers with a delay. Consult the people we mention, and let us know the result.

B. T.—We will inquire about the Waterworks. The Tea shares are a fair investment.

NOTE.—Correspondents will please remember that we have space to press only this week, and if they do not find answers in the current issue, we will rectify the omission in next week's *Sketch*.